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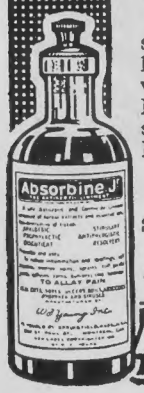

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WINTER SPORTS.

In Western Canada February is the month of sport. From all parts there flock to the great centres groups of men that they may participate in the great winter bonspiels. This year in particular they will come to Winnipeg to engage in and witness the sports that are to feature the great carnival. As I passed by the walls of the ice-palace to-day a man on the car remarked to his neighbour, "What a shame to spend so much money on sport! Why not give it to the poor?" And his neighbour replied, "Why, who are getting the money? Every man on the job is a poor man. This is a splendid scheme. Hundreds are getting jobs that would otherwise be in want, and those who buy tickets never miss the money."

Now apart from all this, there is much to be said for a carnival of sport, if it is conducted properly. There is nothing that will more quickly and effectively kill the twin-devils in the heart of a man than good clean sport. The twin-devils are worry and impure thought, and their archenemies are joyful accupation and friendly co-operation.

One of the finest sports for midwinter is curling. It is impossible for a man to play this game without giving his mind to it. For two hours at least he must forget his business worries and cares, for the game holds his attention. During those two hours also he is brought into close relation to his fellows and he is drawn out of his isolation. Even when he makes a wild shot and loses his game he is ahead, for he can find satisfaction in the thought that the opposing team has had a victory. It is only a sordid soul that loses his temper when he finds defeat. There are very few sordid souls in the curling game.

Curling is a fine game in another way. It brings together people from all parts of the country and lays the foundation for friendships that are enduring. How much these friendships have to do with the development of a truly national spirit it would be difficult to say. Whatever breaks down racial, religious or geographical distractions is a good thing, and certainly curling is a game that worries itself very little over minor distractions. The best man in the crowd is the man who can play the best and most unselfish game.

To the moralists curling is the finest of sports. It typifys life experiences in a thousand ways. Here are the cautious man who hogs his stone, and the overzealous man who runs through the house. They are types of the conservative and the radical. One "hangs on to the tail of progress and hollers whoa," the other, "runs riot, and destruction follows in his wake." Or as the four men of a rink go on the ice they typify the ideal partnership, the first man lays a foundation in exactness; the second knocks out of the way injurious competition; the third man does all that is necessary to protect the interests of his business—now guarding against loss, now making a little addition to capital invested; while the skip, directing all, comes to the rescue at the critical moment, and by masterful strategy and with skilful resource turns apparent failure into glorious success.

Other views of the game our readers may work out easily, for these are the serious, the poetical, the tragic, and the comic aspects. Above all curling is a sport in which young and old freely intermingle. It is not a young man's game nor an old man's game. It is for everybody—and his wife. We are fortunate in Western Canada that weather conditions make it possible to play the game so long each winter.

THE OTHER SPORTS.

There are other sports more vigorous and more spectacular. The first of these is hockey. Here is where exuberant youth finds release for his surplus energy, and where those suffering from ennui are electrified by "the winged wonder of motion." For those who are pessimistic or depressed or despondent, there is no tonic better than a hockey game, and it is well that the sport should figure prominently at the carnival. Skating and tobogganing are growing in popularity. The sense of motion sends the blood coursing through the veins, and renews youth. The chief benefit is not physical but mental. For those given the sedentary occupations there is nothing more helpful than an hour on the ice. Where there is enjoyment and congenial companionship there is little time for worry. The best thing for anybody to do is to lose himself for a part of each day in some form of physical exercise. The worst enemy of the soul is the silent devil of brooding and the surest way of expelling him is to invite into the heart the spirit of joy and friendship.

CLEAN SPORT.

Now it is always possible for sport to degenerate. Some of the things which cause ruin are gambling, playing for money, and where young people are concerned faulty management or lax supervision. It is for serious-minded men to discountenance gambling and some-professionalism in every form. Western Canada last year received a bad name because some cities were drawing players from other districts. This is a poor business at best, and no man loves his town who will join in it. It is far better for a city to lose, playing with its own young men, than to win with the aid of outsiders. Of course, gamblers want a winning team but they are not safe guides for youth at any time. Sport is safe for young people only when the directing force is characterized by respectability.

This idea of respectability applies also to the conditions under which sport is conducted in the rinks or halls devoted to it. Sometimes there is notoriously lax supervision and young people are exposed to moral contamination. Sometimes supervision is most excellent and a rink becomes a training school in manners and behaviour. The very best thing a town or city can do is to arrange for expert supervision of places of amusement. It is just as important to have a supervisor after school hours as to have a teacher between nine o'clock and four. A supervisor is not a policeman. He must be anything but that. He should be a sport expert and a friend of children—the strongest cleanest man in town. The cities of America are woefully negligent in this matter. Young people will of necessity play together, but play is helpful only under certain conditions. Every town must see that such conditions exist.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

If nothing more is accomplished in the conference than has already been accomplished this great international gathering will stand out as one of the most momentous events of all world history.

The conference has not only pledged itself to the scrapping of battleships. but the great powers have reached agreement on submarines and poison gas. Above all, the old cumbersome and insincere diplomacy of the ages has been superseded by a new fresh and vigorous open diplomacy, that has all the simplicity and directness of a board meeting of a great business organization. "And the remarkable fact is that the representatives from Europe have taken to this diplomacy as a duck takes to water."

A SUGGESTION TO THE RAILROADS.

We are not taking many lessons from Germany just now. Her moral, social, and political ideals are totally obnoxious to us. Yet in the practical affairs of daily life she has since the war had some hard problems to face and her experience with one of these may be helpful.

In Berlin the street railway had a deficit of 20 million marks a month, and decided that it would have to cease operations. The city could not assume the burden for it would take 400 million marks to get the system in running order to say nothing of current expenses.

Finally street car companies decided to put their own shoulder to the wheel. They cut down the number of directors. who drew substantial salaries, from nine to two. More than 1,600 employees were dropped from the lists. Experts were put to work repairing the equipment, not tinkers. Motor troubles were reduced to one third. Frequent inspection resulted in the use of less oil, repairs and 15 per cent less current. The street car system was put to work delivering coal and other raw materials from the railroad yards to the factories. Advertising in the street car was more energetically pushed.

The 400,000,000 marks' deficiency has been paid off and there is a substantial surplus in the company's treasury. The street cars are more profitable than they were before the war. They are carrying the people who also need to adopt economy programs, for one-half a cent. Before the war they charged 2 1-2 cents. The people get a chance to economize also.

If the Berlin companies had spent their time fighting in the courts, trying to get increased rates, they would still be bankrupt, and they would no doubt have been asking the government for 500,000,000 marks to help them along. They would have doubled the rates rather than reduce them to one-fifth.

There is a lesson in this for more than street railways. It is a poor principle to charge more than the traffic will bear.

THE UNTAPPED WEALTH OF CANADA.

Sometimes one wonders how much wealth Canada possesses. Secretary Fall of the Interior Department puts the untapped wealth at $150,000,000,000 The way he arrives at this amount is observed from the following figures:

Coal and oil form the bulk of this wealth, the total coal deposits being estimated at 110,000,000,000 tons and the oil deposits at 1,325,000,000 barrels, with an additional 50,000,000,000 barrels of shale oil.

From the development of these resources the Federal Government, would realize by way of royalties, rentals, etc., a total of $12,387,500,000, divided as follows:

Coal in public ownership:

Bituminous, 10,000,000,000 tons at 10 cents royalty: $1,000,000,000.

Sub-bituminous, 30,000,000,000 tons at 8 cents royalty; $2,400,000,000.

Lignite, 50,000,000,000 tons at 5 cents royalty; $2,500,000,000.

(Note—Coal upon railroad lands, private grants, private lands in the public land States, but not developed, not estimated above.)

Oil in public ownership (crude), 7,000,000,000 barrels at $2, $1,400,000,000; at 12½ cents royalty, $175,000,000.

Shale oil, 50,000,000 000 barrels at $2, $100,000,000,000; at 5 cents royalty, $5,000,000,000.

Phosphate, 3,500,000,000 tons at $4, $14,000,000,000; at 2 per cent royalty, $280,000,000.

Potash, 20,000,000 tons at $75. $1,500,000,000; at 2 per cent royalty, $30,000,000.

Water power, 13,000,000 horse power at 10 cents per horse power per year, $1,300,000.

Indian reservations:

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK OF 1922.

If ever there was a good season for pessimism and optimism it is the present one. A man can safely take any role he pleases and play a good part. No two countries have equally good prospects, and no two districts in any country have the same predictions to make. The situation in Canada and the United States is very perplexing.

The pessimists say that at the beginning of 1922 there is no evidence of hoped-for recovery of business, that there is smaller volume of trade at the end of the year 1921 than at the beginning, that iron and steel production is not half what it was, that there is wide spread unemployment, and decrease in purchasing power, that there is distress in agriculture because cost of production is out of proportion to prices received for produce, and out of proportion to the cost of materials the farmer has to purchase, that the railways are not paying their way, that export trade has declined, that economic conditions in Europe make the future of trade most uncertain. And there is a good deal in each of these contentions.

On the other hand the optimists say; fall in prices has been arrested since last August and there is no sign of further decline. Therefore there is every hope of a revival at an early date. Trade recovery will bring employment to many. Labour is less radical than a year ago. Low prices in agriculture have brought about a reduction in cost of production and the farmer is likely to make more in 1922 than even in war days. The European problems are being attacked in a masterful way. Conditions in France and England have greatly improved, and there is a well purposed effort to bring about stability even in Central Europe. There money is to be had at low rates, gold is plentiful and when capital is needed for new industries it will be forthcoming. And there is surely some ground for all this optimism.

AN ANCIENT, CURIOUS CIVILIZATION.

BERTRAND Russell, of Oxford, one of the most distinguished of English philosophers, has been writing his impressions of the Chinese people in a series of letters to the London Nation. He finds that the whole social system in China is built upon the family more than it is in any other country. Their religion has the same basis. When a Chinaman comes to die, his main concern is that all the proper rites and formalities shall be duly observed, and that the funeral shall be worthy of the family. Mr. Russell tells of a daughter dying of grief because of the death of her mother. Such a death is regarded in China as supremely honourable to the family in which it has occurred. The memory of the daughter who so died is held in honour for her crowning achievement of filial piety and devotion. In the case related by Mr. Russell, the brothers of that young woman, who were men in only moderate circumstances, had to sell all they possessed in order that both the mother of such a daughter and the daughter who was such a model of devoted love of her mother should have magnificent funerals worthy of a family distinguished by two such supremely honourable members. After the funeral was over, the brothers had to seek work as coolies. The worship of the family in China thus has its drawbacks. One is that family duty demands that a Chinaman shall enrich his relations, if he is in a position to do so, even if it involves dishonesty. Hence the prevalent corruption in China. Another evil is the subjection of women. These things are slowly being changed, however, among the elements of the population of China, very small as yet in proportion to the whole, in which progressive Western ideas are gaining a foothold. The transformation of China is the most interesting and most important of the great developments now in progress in the world.

Red and White

By Nellie L. McClung

Continued from January and concluded in this issue.

When Minnie had finished her work, she hastily changed her white uniform for a muslin dress, and came out to find Johnny. She had a guilty feeling of having delayed too long, and already had words of explanation prepared with which to soothe his impatient spirit.

At the bandstand, where she expected to meet him, she found an empty chair which she carried down to the shore below the pavilion, and sank gratefully into its green and white striped seat, suddenly realizing how utterly tired and footsore she was. The music fell about her in a refreshing shower, and the utter relaxing of the tired and happy, rolled over her heart. She was not alone any more in this great rushing, excited throng of people who surged and milled and chattered and danced,—and ate—Minnie couldn't regard them quite the same as one who did not have to feed them, but happily enough she reflected, she would not always have to carry trays and sweep off crumbs. Johnny would get a raise at Christmas—and already she had saved enough to buy her dress and a fur coat.

Minnie's life had been a singularly lonely one, on account of her unhappy parentage, and the Indians' dislike of half-breeds. Her mothers' people had tolerated her—and that was all—all the anguish of the child who is not liked, had been her portion,—the nameless, unspoken crushing weight of being different from other children, though it was not until she went to school at the Mission that she knew the reason. Then it was Maggie Hoskin, arrogantly proud of her pure red blood, who had scornfully classified her, using the evil word which had gone crushing through her young heart with its benumbing cruelty.

Then she understood in a flash of blinding horror, why it was that she was never given first place in any of the games; why her grandmother had never taken her with her as she did her cousins when she went visiting "up the lake;" and never seemed to look at her; and why her mother had often crushed her in her arms with fierce tenderness—and then hastily pushed her away as if she could not bear the sight of her.

When the teacher at the Mission, noticing her troubled face, had gently sought the cause, Indian-like, Minnie hid her grief and bravely lied about it. The place in her heart was too sore for even Miss Bowden's tender hands, so she missed the consolation that might have been hers.

Tonight as she sat by the shore and listened to the band and the rhythmic feet of the dancers; with the velvety coolness of the evening in her mouth, which somehow seemed to satisfy her like a drink of water; with the blue lake spread at her feet, reflecting the sun-flecked clouds; Minnie's heart was filled with a great peace.

All her life, even in the saddest times of her lonely childhood, the open air, the water, trees and birds had comforted her, and whispered to her a message of hope. Nothing mattered—it said—nothing. The sun would shine—the little curley breezes, bearing perfume would come—the birds' wings would go flashing by—just the same. Outside was always right—it was only people who were bad and cruel.

But since Johnny Starblanket had come into her life, Minnie's time of sadness had almost disappeared. Johnny knew everything about her, and he didn't mind. Johnny's approval was enough to banish every bitter thought, and in his towering strength, so abundant, so assured, Minnie's trembling heart had found rest.

Only one thought now troubled her, but this she tried to put from her as being disloyal. Sometimes Johnny had frightened her with his fierce love-making, when his eyes burned deep and his breath smelled—like a white man.

Among the Indians, Minnie knew that liquor was forbidden, and at the Mission she had been taught that liquor drinking was very wicked, and would do dreadful things to the lining of stomachs ,for Miss Bowden had shown them a picture of it, but she wished that Johnny would not, for when he had the burning eyes, he was not gentle and kind to her, but had a way that made her afraid. But Johnny had said that when they were married, he would never think of it, because he would not have time to think of anything but her, and at the memory of his words, Minnie's heart was flooded with a tender sweetness.

She knew that if she could only get him to come away from the Railway, away up into the big woods: where the rivers seep down to the sea and the woods crimson with Autumn and the nights were filled with silence; he would be all her own and she would never be afraid. Here there were too many people—too much talk and noise—too many things moving—with no peace—no quiet.

Johnny would get tired too, just as she was, and then they would take the two canoes and go North to the big country, and live their lives as her people and his had lived before all these troublesome noisy things had come upon them.

Minnie's lithe young body relaxed in the comfortable canvas chair, and her tired hands lay at rest in her lap. The music seemed to grow softer and softer, and to drift farther away. Now it was only the roar of the Big River that she heard—the big falls where the rainbow fell across the foam.

She was awakened by the passing of many feet. The crowd was swarming out of the pavilion toward the train which stood on a siding, with its engine gently throbbing its impatience to be on the way. The dance was over.

Rousing herself, Minnie stood up, chilled by the night air, stiff and miserable. Slowly her thoughts came back. Where was Johnny? And why hadn't he met her? Something had happened to Johnny!

Fear drove out every other thought, and she turned toward the pavilion from which the crowd still poured. Who could she ask? Not a familar face did she see.

Suddenly she became rigid as a piece of iron, and with ancestral instinct flattened herself against the white wall of the pavilion, watching with eyes that glinted like dagger-points.

Johnny in trouble finds Minnie his Salvation

Johnny was passing, with the cashier beside him. He was talking too loudly, gesticulating and rolling in his walk, and his eyes were burning, deep and glowing, like a campfire in the black night. His hand held the white girl's bare elbow, and he bent over her caressingly.

Then it was well for little Miss Speers that Minnie had no instrument of death in her hand, for Minnie's mind held but one thought. She was pure Indian now, with no restraint or compunction, and would have killed as joyously as her grandfather had killed the bear at the falls, where the rainbow glints on the foam.

Like a ghost she darted after them through the throng, and saw them enter the train. Then she watched from the shelter of a tree for Johnny's return; she was partly white now, and reasoned with herself that failing to find her, Johnny had danced with the girl and was now putting her on the train—that was all. It was right that he should do this—Johnny was the sort that would always be kind and polite to any girl. The surging flood of anger had left her pale and trembling, and in her thin summer dress she shivered in the night air. She argued, reasoned and tried to persuade herself it was all right. She must be fair—always fair.

It was a brilliant night of stars but no moon, and the big arc lamp at the station threw a brassy light on the trees around, whose leaves rippled and whispered in the shore wind. It seemed to Minnie that she had slept for days, maybe weeks, her joints were so stiff and cold and the events of the day were so far removed.

Johnny would be sorry and concerned over her, and afraid that she might have a cold—it was nice to have someone who cared. Her mind alternated with lightning rapidity from one attitude to another— rage and jealousy that made her veins run fire—were succeeded by a calm in which she told herself she might be true to Johnny whatever happened, and believe in him.

While Minnie fought with her emotions, "The Moonlight" rapidly took on its passengers, shouting, laughing people, whose excitement still prevented them from thinking of the tired time ahead of them—the morning after—with its langor and fatigue, had no power to blight tonight's pleasure; there was only one time for them, and that was tonight with its flirtations, music and fun.

Minnie darted forward as the engine, shrieked its last warning, and the train bell began to ring. With noiseless step she ran over the deserted platform, in a faint hope that he might have gone into another car,—but as the cars passed by her, one by one, gathering speed as the great engine plowed its way into the night, no one came off, and no one noticed the slim wraith of a girl who wrung her hands in mute agony.

Faster and faster the train swept by, every window revealing happy young faces, hateful to her as they glinted by, and appearing to mock and scorn her in her misery.

She stood there until the last car had disappeared around the turn, and the roar of the train had been swallowed up in the night sounds, and only the flicking of the waves on the shore came to her ears. Motionless she stood, like a person who had forgotten their surroundings, forgotten everything. On her face was a puzzled look of childish fear, pain and wonder.

Then she turned and ran through the deserted streets to the back entrance of the hotel, and up the three flights of stairs to her little room under the rafters.

The night, with its wells of blackness and its cruel silences and weird noises, is a hard time to brave. The whole scheme of things is so big, and black and menacing, so utterly heartless, so inexorable and hard to entreat. Most of us are cowards until the sun comes back.

When the inky blackness of the night filled the room under the rafters, Minnie could find no way out of her troubles. The bitter truth, no matter how she tried to explain it, couldn't be set aside—Johnny had gone away with another girl—he had been drinking too—and he was gone! He would lose his place in the Station for this, for the boss had told him he would not have a man who drank—and all their plans for getting a home back in the woods, where she could raise vegetables to sell to the campers, and earn money for nice curtains, and maybe a parlor rug, were broken down———It was hard to give up all the things she had planned—they passed before her now in melancholy review.

Minnie was nineteen years old, and every day, every hour of that time there had been a longing in her heart for something. First it was a vague wish for a place in her family—then for a father and mother like other children, and after she knew that this could never be—for a home of her own—and some one for her very own.

John Starblanket, the handsome young Indian, with his strength and his devotion to her, had seemed to make possible all the dreams and hopes of her nineteen years,—and now the picture was broken—the game was hopeless—the cards were not coming right.

That was while it was dark:—but over the lake came the blue light of dawn, reddening as the sun drew nearer, until two bands of color lay along the eastern shoreline, the deep blue of the night and the blood red of coming day. Below them the lake lay calm and placid,—and every minute the red band widened and grew more luminous.

Minnie washed her face in the little blue enamel basin, and carefully arranged her hair, with her gaze on the coming day and new thoughts shaping in her mind. The sunrise began to have its effect upon her, and to tell her about new days, new beginnings. It was impossible to look at the glory that was growing across the lake and not respond to it.

"When the cards do not come right—what do you do?" she asked the sunrise;—"No use holding them and trying, and trying is there?" She knew what her mother had done; she had held the cards in her hands, just held them—confessing herself beaten.

"What will you do?"—she asked the question of her image in the mirror, fixing upon it a sternly compeiling eye which refused to be evaded.

"You shuffle the cards all over again," replied the image in the glass—"shuffle them, and then try!"

Minnie nodded her approval—and turning, greeted with new hope the rising sun which had just at that moment flung his red gold ribbon across the lake.

She had unconsciously dressed herself in her best suit, for she did not know where the day would lead her, and went hastily down stairs. She had one thought in her mind—she would shuffle the cards again—she would not hold them as they were.

Mrs. Pelatski, the proprietor, met her in the hall, and said, too kindly, "How are you and Johnny coming on?"

From the solicitude in her voice, Minnie knew that she knew something, and a momentary impulse was to cry out all her trouble to the older woman, but close upon this came the Indian impulse to say nothing, but bravely hide it all, lying if necessary that the sore spot in her heart remain hidden. Remembering that her mother would have done this—she made herself speak:—

"I don't know what happened to him last night," she stammered.

Mrs. Pelatski came to her rescue;—"Look here, Minnie, I want to tell you about that. That old rake who tried to get fresh with you in the dining-room last night, took Johnny to his room and gave him liquor. That's a criminal offence; now we have it on him for future use. He is member for one of the constituencies in Toronto, and naturally doesn't want to go to jail. We have the evidence on him all right, for two of the girls saw him, and I'm just telling you in case you need it, Here's another thing—his brother is Judge Brown of Winnipeg: that's a good thing to know too."

Mrs. Pelatski passed on into the kitchen to give her orders for the day. Men might come or men might go, but meals go on forever.

Minnie had made a sudden resolve, and following Mrs. Pelatski into the kitchen, she asked abruptly —

"Can you spare me today, I would like to go to the city—I need to go—I will come back."

Mrs. Pelatski looked at her closely, a kindly glance, full of sympathy, and having in it a promise of help.

Sure Minnie, run along—have you enough money?—and everything you need?"

Minnie nodded and ran back to her room. The first train would be leaving in a few minutes.

Upstairs in her own room her preparations were simple. From a locked drawer she took a revolver, loaded it and slipped it into her handbag—and pinning a hat on her shining black hair, she ran down stairs and over to the station.

When John Starblanket wakened from his fitful slumber that morning, he was at first under the delusion that an earthquake had occurred, and some large building had fallen upon him. His head ached, his hands appeared to be powerless, every joint was stiff and sore and one eye refused to open. Thinking, too, proved to be such a painful process, that he abandoned it, and lay perfectly still, looking at a small barred window through which a sickly indoor light filtered.

The only thing he knew about his surroundings was that he had never been in this place before, with its cellar-like air, foul, and reeking of evil odors. It nauseated him, and with a painful effort he sat up to look about him. This revealed to him the astonishing fact that he was hand-cuffed!

Continued on page 8

THE HOODOO

By Hermia Harris

Perhaps you have heard of the ways of the North, where the strong alone survive, where the heart learns never to fail, and the body attacked by the snowy blasts of the North Wind rises hardened and calloused in adversity.

If they wished, either Mamselle Claire or her half English niece Adrianne could tell you stories of the long nights of winter and of the short fleeting summer borne along too swiftly on the wheels of time.

So sweet a face had never before been seen in the Yukon: Eyes that sought and wondered; a nose, that in sympathy with Mamselle's soul, aspired; a mouth like a delicate pink rose; as spiritual a countenance as one would find on this side of heaven.

She might have been thirty, or still less, when the North called her. Who is he, the big North that shouts, "Come seek me," incessantly to discontented wayfarers?

"I am Adventure," he says, "I am Danger; I am Wealth; I am Power and Glory; I am Want and Cold and Lonliness."

Now, one of those who had ignored the Peril for the Glamour's sake was Mamselle Claire.

One day, while giving a French lesson in her studio, she had heard the postman knock. Such a knock it had been, prophetic of big events. The cat had jumped in terror, so startled as to upset the delicate china vase that adorned the side table. How cross Mamselle was—so cross that a little harmless French cuss had followed the guilty feline as Mamselle frowningly answered, and then:

"Adrianne, O Adrianne! Come my child, come and read. Our prayers are answered, our fortunes are made," and forgetful of her stoical Anglo Saxon pupil she kissed the sixteen year old Adrianne on both cheeks, holding the annoyed cat, now restored to favor, close to her excited breast.

"It is a fortune, my darling aunt," exclaimed Adrianne.

What joy! a claim to a wonderful mine fairly oozing with rich yellow nuggets like those at the exhibition.

"We must grieve for him—our poor cousin, dear," put in her aunt, remembering that their happiness had probably meant suffering to the good young man who must have thought of his hard working relatives in his last moments.

The pupil was hurried away: There were to be no more lessons now. No more worry for the tired teacher, nor tedious household labour for the domestic niece.

Thought Mamselle: "New hats—two each; new shoes and gloves." Thought Adrianne: "Ribbons, dresses and tucks, and bonbons."

All day it was, "What shall we do first? What shall we buy? Where shall we dwell?" And while her material niece pondered on how to spend delightfully two thousand dollars, Mamselle on the sofa dreamed comfortably of bushels and bushels of undiscovered treasure, such as Cortez or Valdez might have unearthed. Bonnets and mundane ornaments forgotten, her spirit roamed to the enticing claim armed with a mental shovel that would have astonished Goliath.

"Inkle, inkle," said another shovel, as its owner, a tall mud bespattered miner, strove to push it into the ground beside hers:

"Out of the way, dog of a thief"—Mamselle's eyes opened abruptly. Had she then been asleep? But that noise again, that "Inkle, inkle."

"Bonaparte, devil cat! Adrianne, he has broken the casserole and eaten our dinner."

Mamselle's dream had forced her to perceive that some definite decision must be made, so they held a meeting, those three, Mamselle, Adrianne and Napoleon, the cat. Two tickets were to be bought for the North.

To decide is to act, to act is to dress, and dress they both did in businesslike, chic serge suits and tailored hats.

Mamselle's long lashed, brown eyes were shining with a feverish light; her slight figure almost running to keep up with Adrianne, whose fair hair and big well built frame formed a contrast to the little dark haired woman beside her.

"Let me buy the tickets, tante," pleaded Adrianne; but "No." After all, one must assert oneself, and this adventure was hers, principally hers to cherish and enjoy. For the little one, a moment's pleasure, for her, an enduring and delicious sensation, too precious to share.

"We want"—began the Irrepressible. "Sush!" came in a loud whisper, causing the agent to smile.

"We wish to buy two tickets for the Dawson City of the Yukon, Alaska," said Mamselle, rebuking the agent's apparent amusement by holding her graceful head high and trying to look down her nose as her respected father had been wont to do.

Then they were introduced to a complicated time table and there came a torrent of English and French:

"You go by train to Vancouver, and from there to Skagway by boat. From Skagway you travel by train to Whitehorse over the White Pass, and then you sail down the Yukon River to Dawson."

"Yes, yes, by train to Vancouver, then the boat,—Oh the lovelee sheep of the seas! Tell us more, we entreat, we beg of you, kind Monsieur," came from Mamselle, her dignity forgotten. "Skagway, White Passes, rivers, the train——my head—we forget, repeat to us again. Adrianne, your note book—bring it out. We must jot down all to do. Let us hasten to make ready, and a thousand thanks, yes ten thousand, for those pains. We must watch our tictacs—Oh! it is tactics, Adrianne? Always I forget this English so!"

They were off, out of the office, on the street, and home again, breathless, tired, happy. That day was done. Tomorrows would follow, long weary tomorrows of packing and telephoning and then away, away to the North, to the Dawson City of the Yukon, not Alaska, where life beckoned.

On the train one has time to think. Feverish and disordered had been the days previous to the journey. Now the moments resembled the settling of an effervescence. The fizz accompanying the departure gone, an intense nausea of the whole business of travelling seized both.

An English gentleman was very kind. He was not handsome but distinguished. His chief accomplishments were the opening and shutting of windows and safes. Sometimes he picked pockets, but how were they to know that, those blessed innocents? Adrianne half lost her youthful heart.

"Look, tante, so beautiful a moustache," or "See the way he hunts a porter for us, tante. Is he not good?"

Tante in the throes of trainsickness was aware only of an intense pain below her heart, and the nice gentleman carelessly abstracted Adrianne's purse containing ten dollars and departed suddenly for parts unknown.

The victim of his nefarious schemes grieved several hours, not so much for the purse as for the misplaced admiration. The robbery made them more discreet. They spoke to no one for the rest of the journey.

"Adrianne," whispered her aunt excitedly, next morning, "I had such a scare, it was not proper! Oh! dreadful! That black porter, the wicked man, looked right through the curtain to call me up."

"Ugh! He is ugly," snorted Adrianne, "but kind, Ein. Cold water he brings me twice times. He is so funnee! His hand he hold out, So!"

Mamselle considered.

"I have it. Yes, my child, we must, how you call it, teep. He wants a teep. Look you he is coming now." She drew a coin out of her bag and called enticingly in a sweet penetrating voice.

"Approach." Some passengers chuckled. "I wish to teep."

Soon, however, the novelty of tipping wore off, when practice in the art became continuous.

At last, after many days, they boarded the river craft. Past valleys glorified by the yellow and red colors of Autumn, the little boat, with the paddle wheel, sails down the winding course of the Yukon River, so many days, so many nights. Then comes a time when the Captain says:

"We land around that bend."

Beneath the high hills that shape it into a curve lies Dawson, the adventurer's goal.

"A whole Indian village was once wiped out by that slide on the North hill," the Captain told them. He was a short, stalky man with a way of biting off his words and an irritating habit of twisting his red moustache abruptly when exasperated. He it was who directed these lost children of chance to an hotel, and, on hearing Mamselle's story, bade her go to the Mining Recorder's office in the Administration Building.

Mamselle shook the dust of travel from her suit, donned a sheer blouse, and ordered hot chocolate to be served in their room. She tried to lighten Adrianne's disappointment. The latter flounced her skirts disapprovingly at the whole town.

"Bah, this Yukon, this Dawson, like an old slum it is. Those sidewalks! I have twist my foot in those holes. This gray old hotel! Where is the miners? Where is dredges?"

"But wait," the patient aunt declared, "and all those things we shall see."

Adrianne kept an account. They had left one thousand five hundred dollars, and both had come dimly to realize that much as their fortune had seemed to them at home, in Dawson, where quarters are like nickels, and dollars seem dimes, their small horde was in reality nothing. They made, later, inquiries about the claim. Both were full of curiosity and wished to see the ground that covered their gold. Mamselle had thought it just outside the town, perhaps a few yards, a sort of glorified summer estate. She was a proud landowner and difficult to disillusion.

"I sort of hate to tell her," the Recorder confided to his stenographer, "that old Robespierre claim at Hunker is all to the bad. Hoodooed, I guess. Thought there was gold in that place myself, and twice I grubstaked young Barre when he was alive, but nothing ever came of it. It's a bad business for those two kids."

"Eldest looks thirty," said the stenographer meaning to be catty.

"Well, she seems twenty, and knows as much as my little kid of five about mines. Funny thing, that old Hunker Creek Claim," pursued the Recorder. "Once the whole town was crazy to buy it up, until Ferguson, Big Duff, they call him, changed the luck."

He returned to the mine owners with more papers.

"I am sorry to say you will not be able to find men to work your mine easily this fall, but why not wait till spring. Besides, I ought to tell you, your place is hoodooed."

"Hoodooed!" Mamselle rolled the word around in her mouth several times. "But why, Monsieur, is my mine hoodooed? Who is the villain, the scoundrel who has dared to, what you call it—hoodoo?"

"A man named Duff Ferguson, who had a grudge against your cousin. They say he cursed Barre's mine and that accidents sooner or later befall the miners."

Duff Ferguson evidently was the man to be dealt with. He lived, they were told, on Hunker, a sort of uncrowned mining king.

"It isn't healthy out there, Mamselle," they all said. "Bad for outsiders." "Duff's always up to some deviltry."

The rickety old stage coach drove them half the day to Hunker where they were shown Duff at work directing dredging operations.

Big Duff saw them coming and wiped thick, coarse hands on a dirty yellow sweater. The sweat was still on his heavy dark brows, as he stared at them through sullen eyes unaccustomed to smiling.

"Monsieur," Mamselle said, "we have very important business with you."

Duff looked down insolently at the speaker. He at once respected and hated refinement. His eyes appraised the trim, well groomed women who showed their breeding by their carriage and tasteful costume.

"Can't say as I know of any business you might be here on, but it looks to me, little girls, as though you and I could parley about any old thing."

They both drew back a little, their confidence decreasing.

"I desire to know," asked Mamselle, "why you have hoodoo the Robspierre mine. It is my mine. I own heem."

Duff's laugh stopped in the middle of its course:

"You, Barre's cousin." Some deep detestable memory shook him. His full mouth shut abruptly as though to clamp down any foregone amiability; then his eyes sought Mamselle's.

"You want to see that claim?"

Often it is best not to be curious Mamselle's prophetic soul recognized fate. She dimly sensed her strange power over him, such as angels might possess over devils. Her first dislike became a deep pity.

"If you please," she replied in her gentlest, most ladylike accents.

"I did not like your cousin, Mamselle Claire," he observed, cocksure of his power to please. "Barre sneaked on a business deal and we fought, but I dunno, mebbe you'n me can hit the same pace."

"You mean," she answered thoughtfully, "you wish to be friends. You will not hoodoo my mine."

Duff glanced at the delicate face and small graceful hands which he suddenly gripped so as to make their owner wince.

"A bargain, then. Just be good to Big Duff, and he'll be good to you. Remember that." The insinuation was plain to both Mamselle and Adrianne. He was making love in his rough way. It was well to be friendly though, so Mamselle attempted to smile, saying:

"We will always try to be friends with you Monsieur."

He took them, after that, to visit the claim. They felt sad, Mamselle and Adrianne, when they looked on the sorry spectacle of Andre Barre's blasted dream. This big brute of a savage with them had killed him, they knew. Their cousin had died of pneumonia and discouragement. Duff could break them too, unless they accepted the terms of his one-sided friendship.

The story goes that Mamselle returned to Dawson, undismayed, to wait till spring. You know how the frost comes, how the great river freezes, and the soft snow falls fencing in the Northern world from communication with the "outside" by a great white wall.

Their money rapidly decreasing, Mamselle was forced to seek pupils.

They liked the life though—the putting on of several wraps and scarves to cover the forehead, nose and mouth, with only the eyes visible. Sometimes the nose freezes and the feet grow cold, but the very frost sets the blood tingling through the veins. Then there was the magical awakening of the spring to look forward to, when work on the wonderful Robespierre would commence.

It is May before the ice breaks, and the siren which is attached to the centre of the frozen sheet called the

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WHITE STOCKING

By H. Mortimer Batten

It was just before sundown, when the sky over the prairies was a sea of fiery crimson, that Little Hawk, the young Indian, rode into Castaway City. There was pride at the heart of Little Hawk, for everyone was looking at him—or rather at the magnificent little cayuse he was riding. She was jet black with a coat like silk, save that on each foreleg she wore a pure white stocking. She held her head high, her eyes bright with wonder, for this was the first time White Stocking had seen the city of the White men.

From the window of one of the board cabins that formed the main avenue of Castaway City, two men were watching—hard faced, disreputable men, who now spoke in whispers. "Ain't she a peach!" one of them was saying. "I tell you, them millionaire cattle punchers down in Siarra would give any price you asked for a cayuse like that. We'll have to get her Bill!"

"Sure, we'll get her," agreed the other. "And the sooner we do it the better. That there Indian is as green as they're made—except I bet he knows what that pony's worth. He'll be trying to get a fancy price for her, but he won't get no fancy price from you and me. What about tonight, Henry?"

The other man thought. "There won't be no moon," he concluded, "but maybe that's all the better. Yes, we can pull it off tonight."

So the two horse thieves rapidly made their plans, wasting no time about it for they were afraid someone might get hold of Little Hawk and buy his pony from him. Luck was with them, however, for presently when they went out the Indian was in the act of tethering White Stocking to a rampike at the end of the avenue. Henry and Bill strolled up with smiles of greeting. They might have known Little Hawk all their lives from the friendly manner in which they shook his hand and patted his shoulders. Little Hawk was at first flattered and then surprised.

"That's a pretty little cayuse you got, boy," said Henry. He felt her hocks and patted her neck. "And quiet too!" he added.

Bill nudged Little Hawk with his elbow, and winked. "Him want to buy her," he whispered. "Him pay heap big price. You watch!"

But the Indian shook his head. Like most of his nation he was a keen horsedealer, and though clearly he had brought the cayuse to the city in order to get "heap big price," he started off with the usual comment. "No sell," he stated. "Me never sell that cayuse. She my little sister."

"Hur!" grunted Henry. He looked at Little Hawk, then again patted him affectionately on the shoulder. "You must be hungry," he said. "Come along to our cabin and have some supper. Bring the cayuse along with you. We can tie her up at the back where nobody won't touch her."

Little Hawk was quite ready to accept the invitation, for he saw good business coming. Thus Bill and Henry took him home, and ere long a sumptuous meal of best sugar cured bacon and canned tomatoes was sizzling on the stove. Only about once in his life had Little Hawk tasted such a meal, and having eaten all that he could he was prepared to swear eternal friendship with Bill and Henry.

"Now," said Henry, as they sat over their pipes, "I like that little cayuse of yours, and I don't mind buying her for myself, only I'm a poor man and can't afford much."

Again Bill nudged Little Hawk. "Him got plenty gold dust," he whispered confidentially. "Him pay you what you ask."

"No sell," said Little Hawk. "White Stocking and me heap good friends. No sell."

Henry was making some cocoa, and the delicious aroma of it filled the room. "But suppose you did want to sell her," said Henry. "What might you be asking? I tell you, I've taken a fancy to that cayuse."

Little Hawk thought. He said that four hundred dollars might tempt him, and though this was an unheard of price for a cayuse in Castaway country in those days, Henry did not seem unduly surprised. As a matter of fact Henry did not possess four hundred cents.

"It's a lot of money," he said, "but of course she's a pretty little animal. It's a lot of money—" and Henry seemed to be thinking deeply.

"He'll pay it!" whispered Bill. "Don't you come down. He'll pay it!"

"What do you think about it, Bill?" Henry asked at length.

Bill also became profoundly thoughtful. "Well, if that's the least Little Hawk will take, I expect you'll have to pay it," said Bill. "Only I think you ought to try her, Bill, to make sure she's sound, before you pay that price."

"Oh yes," said Henry. "I'd want to try her pace, and make sure her wind's sound, but that ain't very difficult. I'll tell you what, Bill, if she could race that little chestnut mare of mine there wouldn't be much wrong with her! Now what about a canter up the trail? It's a fine night, and the trail is in good shape away up by the creek. What about a race?"

At this Little Hawk was all over himself, so to speak. He loved sport, and he knew very well that White Stocking would put up a good show.

"That's a fine idea," said Bill. "I'll tell you what. You and Little Hawk have a race from the pine tree corner up to the ford across the creek. It's about five miles and splendid going. I'll ride along to the creek and judge the winner. If White Stocking gets there first, then you'll have to pay Little Hawk the price he asks, but if the little Chestnut gets there first, then Little Hawk will have to lower his price a bit."

"Me no lower price," cried Little Hawk, trying to wink at Bill. "But me race! Me blame fine horseman, and White Stocking blame fine cayuse!"

So they went out to get their ponies, and Bill whispered aside to Little Hawk—"You'll beat him easy. That there chestnut cayuse of his ain't got the speed of a lame duck!"

So it was all arranged. Bill was to ride on to the creek crossing, so away he went on his pony with twenty minutes' start. Little Hawk did not see that Bill had attached a coil of steel wire to his saddle, and left alone with Henry, the two proceeded at a gentle trot to the pine tree corner, giving Bill plenty of time to get to the other end.

So eventually Henry said—"I reckon we might start now, Little Hawk. If you can beat me by half a mile I shan't quarrel about price. Now, are you ready? — Go!"

Away they went in a cloud of dust, but from the very outset it was clear that White Stocking was by far the faster of the two ponies. She soared away at terrific speed, leaving Henry's cayuse literally standing, and Little Hawk uttered a wild whoop of exhilaration. Yes, he was going to win not by half a mile only but by a mile, and so his fame would spread to the white man's city!

On Little Hawk went, till the thunder of hoofs died behind him, and then, within half a mile of the finish, something happened.

What that something was Little Hawk did not know, for in the darkness he never saw the taut steel wire stretched across the trail between two pines, just so high as to catch a horseman across the body. Little Hawk struck it, to be hurled into the air, then striking the hard ground he rolled over and over, and lay very still, unconscious. White Stocking went on another ninety paces, then pulled up short and looked back for her master. Then it was that Bill slipped from the cover of the trees, and with two snips of his pliers cut the wire away, and threw it into the creek. Then Henry came up and dismounted.

"You catch White Stocking, Bill, and ride away with her," he commanded. "I'll stay with Little Hawk."

It was their intention to hide White Stocking in a seldom frequented valley of the prairie, leaving her there till such time as it was safe to ride her away and sell her, and Bill, having caught and hidden her, was to return with the news that he could not catch her.

So far their villainous plan was working beautifully. There lay Little Hawk unconscious on the trail, so Henry dismounted, leaving his bridle dangling, and in a moment was at Little Hawk's side. He held his flask to the Indian's lips, and at length the young man opened his eyes.

"Better now?" queried Henry. "You had a nasty fall, old son! I reckon the cayuse tripped over something—a loose stone, very likely. She came down awfully heavy, but she ain't hurt, and Bill's gone along to catch her."

Little Hawk groaned and rubbed his head. He felt bruised all over, but being as hard as nails he would soon feel all right again.

Then, as the two squatted there, they were suddenly surprised by the howling of wolves quite near at hand. It was an excellent representation of the howling of wolves, since, as a matter of fact, it was only Bill bellowing through a birchbark megaphone.

"Goodness!" gasped Henry. "I never thought them brutes would be ranging for game tonight. Hope they ain't after your pony, sonny, or Bill will never catch her! The wolves will sure get her before morning!"

The howling was, of course, all part of the plot, and now the reader will see its purpose. Little Hawk sat up with a start, for truly it seemed more than likely that the hunting wolves had struck the scent of the free pony. Again the sinster sound echoed across the stillness, this time so near and realistic that Henry's cayuse, standing patiently by, wheeled round and set off into the darkness at a canter.

With an oath Henry left the Indian and pursued, but catch the pony he could not. Once or twice he got quite near to her, when she would wheel and dart off. Then again Bill howled through his birchbark megaphone, and this time Henry's cayuse set off at a gallop and departed for good, leaving Henry utterly bewildered, alone with the night.

Then Henry started to make his way back, when suddenly he heard the thud of hoofs, and the next moment he was face to face with Bill, leading White Stocking as he sat astride his own cayuse. Breathlessly Henry panted out his story, to which Bill replied: "Here, take this little rattlesnake and hide her! She's bit me twice and keeps trying to knock me off. You ride her to the hiding place then we'll both go back to Little Hawk on my pony, and tell him the wolves have got not only his cayuse but yours also."

So Henry took charge of the little rattlesnake, which was White Stocking and mounted her. She allowed him to mount her, then she shot straight into the air, alighted like a cat, and shot off at an angle. Henry also shot into the air, but he shot further than the pony by reason of the fact that she had humped her back. He shot high into the open and came down among the trees. His huge jaw caught on a branch as he descended, and he saw millions of stars. Henry's teeth were none too good to begin with, but now he had scarcely any left. As for White Stocking—she watched him fall, then set off at a terrific speed into the darkness.

The two thieves looked at each other, but said nothing. Words were beyond them. Here they were left with one pony, and with precious little chance of achieving their ambition. At length Bill rode off in pursuit of White Stocking, and again Henry was left alone with the wolves.

In the meantime Little Hawk had fully recovered his faculties. He stood up and felt himself, and was conscious of a very sore chest. He undid his leather shirt, and felt his chest. Right across it was a weal like a whiplash.

A new suspicion dawned on Little Hawk. He fell to examining the trail, and found that his cayuse had not fallen! For a time he was mystified then his suspicions grew. The white men had not returned—they had gone off with his pony! They had robbed him, and now Little Hawk realized that he had fallen foul of a plot to rob him. They had been too generous, those two white men, to be genuine. He had sold horses before, but never had the purchasers feasted him and agreed to pay absurd prices without days of haggling. No, they were a pair of black legs, those two men who had stolen White Stocking, and they had stretched something across the trail to bring him off. The race—the splendid race—was all part of their plot!

Really angry now, Little Hawk got up, then again his luck was good, for into the trail almost longside him sauntered a cayuse—Henry's cayuse. Little Hawk went quickly up to it, caught it without difficulty and mounted.

Now after all Little Hawk was only a savage. He had had a savage upbringing, and sprang from a long line of savage ancestors. Now he longed for vengeance, and the blood of his forefathers began to stir.

He rode stealthily back to the city, left Henry's cayuse hidden in a grove, and stole quietly on. He had seen where Bill had put the key of the hut, so he took it and went in. He collared the whole side of beautiful bacon, and also he collared as many tins of tomatoes as he could carry. These he placed at the door, then going in again he spilled some parrifin on the floor, and set fire to it. After that he stole stealthily away, and no one saw his going.

At the end of the avenue Little Hawk looked back. A cloud of flame lit the main avenue, and a sea of sparks, raising skyward, marked the site of Bill and Henry's cabin. Men were running hither and thither, and he heard one of them exclaim—"A good thing too! Time the city was quit of such rogues. Let the place frizzle!"

So Little Hawk, carrying his side of bacon and dropping his tomato cans every few paces, came at length to the end of the avenue, where he heard the thud of hoofs approaching from the dimness of the prairie. The pony came on, and several men ran out and caught her as she trotted tamely into the avenue. It was White Stocking—White Stocking looking for her master, and so returning to the place where they had spent the afternoon!

Little Hawk strode up and took possession of her. "You want to look after that pony or someone will pinch her," observed the man who had caught her. Here's a bit of rope, sonny, to sling the bacon around your neck. Now away you go."

And away, into the quietude of the night, with peace at his soul, rode Little Hawk.

. . . . . .

About the same time two crestfallen and perspiring rogues, both mounted on one cayuse, hove in sight of the city, and saw the fire.

"That's our cabin!" announced Bill, dolefully.

Henry did not answer. He was speechless with misery. Not only had they failed to steal White Stocking, but after a most strenuous night they now realized that they had lost everything on earth except the very third rate pony on which they rode!

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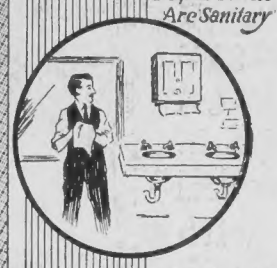

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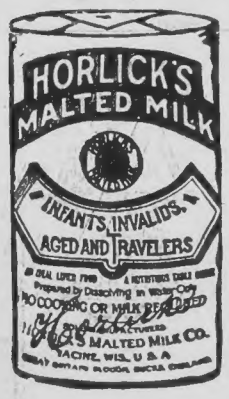

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Used successfully everywhere nearly ⅓ century
Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.
The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water.
Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.
Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

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2519

Red and White

Continued from page 4

Slowly the mental processes began, and John Starblanket recalled step by step the devious path which had led him hither. He recalled the dance at the pavilion, the girl who dared him to come with her on the train; the big delivery man who had brought her to the Beach and who got fresh with him and had to be—dealt with. Johnny recalled a breaking window on the train, and a shower of glass which cut his hands. Feeling a bump on his cheek-bone which was very tender and sore, he wondered what the delivery man was feeling like this morning, and if he had got his features back into place. John Starblanket recalled with a fleeting thrill of satisfaction, that the delivery man had crumpled up like a disabled jack-knife, at the first blow, and the friends who came to his assistance seemed to be equally brittle.

From the floor of the cell, John Starblanket, hand-cuffed swollen of cheek and black of eye, recalled these scenes with a measure of pride which was in no way dimmed by his surroundings. It took four policemen to bring him, he remembered, and he had given them plenty to do. So, all things considered, and remembering too how the night had ended, he still felt it had been a great night.

He had not yet reached the repentant mood, for an Indian does not repent easily, especially of what he does while under the influence of liquor. Liquor-drinking to an Indian, is a great, joyous adventure, so hard to achieve, so hilarious and glorious while it lasts, that repentance is a small part of the experience, and John Starblanket as he lay hand-cuffed and bruised and sore in Number Seven cell in the Winnipeg Station, had all the blissfully exultant heart glow of one who comes to the end of a perfect day.

Suddenly he thought of Minnie, and the high light of exhiliration began to pale. Minnie would be sore about this,—he could not explain it to her either—she wouldn't understand how it felt—or how it happened. Minnie was too white to know about certain things,—she would likely cry and fuss around and make a row like white women do, though Johnny admitted that he had never known Minnie to cry. Still he felt sure she could, and he became very uncomfortable in thinking of what was ahead of him.

Then there was his mother, too—she didn't like this—at all. She would not cry, of course, but she would have a sore heart and look down and say nothing.

Johnny's glamor began to fade when he thought of his women folks,—his spirits faded and drooped, and the deep dejection of the morning after, claimed him for its own.

When Minnie reached the city and made her way to the police station, she found that a charge of being drunk and disorderly, also of assault and battery against the person of Enos Salter, driver for Hart's Ltd., also of assault against the person of one Thomas Smith, C.P.R. conductor, was preferred against John Starblanket, baggage man at Winnipeg Beach, and would be heard that afternoon at three o'clock before Magistrate Brown:—
she wished to see the prisoner, but she said she did not. She only wanted to know when the case would be heard, and would he please give her Magistrate Brown's street and number. The clerk was a leather-faced little chap, with beady eyes, and he was willing to talk to the well dressed half-breed girl, but Minnie passed quickly out into the street.

The noise and confusion of the city street beat upon her mercilessly; the hurrying people, clanging street cars, darting automobiles that roared at each other their thrill threats and warnings; newsboys calling an "Extra," while delivery men wedged in the traffic swore excitedly at each other. It was a familiar street scene on a busy morning, but to Minnie it was a scene of terror

A white husky dog, with wolf's ears and a collie nose, ran nervously through the throng, yealping his fear and terror—poor lost thing who belonged like herself to the kindly open places. She watched him terrified as he darted across the street, only to meet a fire-engine as it came swiftly through an alley; with an almost human shriek he ran blindly under its wheels——

Minnie was beside him in a second, but the convulsions of death were rending him——and blood ran from his nose and mouth, and a policeman dragged him down the lane. She screamed, but the roar of the traffic drowned her voice, and she turned away, sickened at the sight.

Reaching the home of Magistrate Brown, Minnie rang the bell, wondering at her own boldness. There was no fear in her heart now. She could dare anything, do anything, like the settlers in the fire swept region who rush from the burning forest, knowing the lake is just beyond, the lake with its cool green waters where they will find rest and safety.

Magistrate Brown was at home, and received her in his dimly lighted library. Minnie had no words prepared, but the quiet dignity of her race was in her manner, and impressed him favorably.

"There is an Indian boy in the cells, waiting for you to hear his case this afternoon," she said, "He got drunk at the Beach and came in on the "Monlight," acting very bad and fighting. He is my man—and I want you not to send him to jail, but let him come back with me—I will look after him."

Magistrate Brown was a kindly man, but he was also a magistrate, sworn to uphold the law. It was not the first time that a woman had pleaded for her man. He cleared his throat, in his magisterial manner, and said, shaking his head:—

"But, my dear girl, I can't do this—if the man has been guilty of an offence—this offence must be punished. I'm sorry for you, as I am always sorry for the relatives of offenders, but it is my place to uphold law and order."

While he was speaking, Minnie could see again the white husky, caught and mangled under the wheels, and her words came fast:—

"But you don't understand," she said, lapsing into the Indian dialect, "—he is good boy—never drinks—saving his money—nice—but white man takes him up to his room and gives him drink out of bottle—then white girl gets him at dance—coaxes him away into city here—he's good boy if damn whites only leave him alone."

"O—I see," the magistrate said soothingly;—that is too bad, if we could prove that against the white man—it is a criminal offence for which the penalty is two years,—I do not see how it can mitigate the Indians' offence, but if you like to prefer a charge against the white man—it will be heard." Do you know who he is?"

Minnie nodded—her eyes narrowing wickedly:—

"His name is Brown," she said, her words falling in staccato grouping—"he's a member of Parliament from Toronto."

The magistrate sprung from his chair:—"Nonsense" he cried, you don't know what you are saying."

Indian-like, Minnie made no reply, but gently smoothed her hand-bag.

The magistrate quickly recovered his composure.

"Now look here, my girl," he said, and his voice had a rougher quality, "I'll be as easy as I can on this Indian boy—but law is law, and he has to be punished—he must learn to take the consequences—I am under oath to enforce laws. Your charge against this man Brown, would be hard to prove. Brown is a very common name, and he would be hard to find. Your Indian will be dealt with leniently, and the lesson will do him good."

The magistrate rose and motioned her to the door, with a gesture that he had found efficacious in ending interviews. However, this time it missed fire.

Minnie stood up, but made no motion to go.

"I'm not done yet," she said quietly, "I've not told you everything I know; the man who gave Johnny the liquor is here in this house—your brother—he broke a law, you know it, but you don't care——he's your brother; you save him—all right——my man broke a law too, not so bad as your brother did,—but did wrong. I'm just like you, though—I don't care about the law——I save him—if I can—you're magistrate all right, and great on law except when it's your own—then you try to save him—even though you say you under oath to enforce law. You lie! just like any one else—when it's your own!"

The magistrate opened his mouth to speak—but she went on:—

"Let out my man today, let him go free! I take him away—far away—this is no place for Indians———It was great country once—all grass and trees and buffaloes—all our country. You came—you white men, with guns and killed us—drove us out—stole our lands—all right—keep it. You've made it a great country. I

guess, lots of money, lots of cars, lots of noise, lots of lies. It suits you—it don't suit us—let us go, we'll go away down north—far away—we won't come back. Let us go!"

Just at that moment, the magistrate's brother, who had arrived on the late train from the Beach, and slept late, came into the library, yawning and rubbing his hands,—In the dim light, he did not notice the girl, and began to talk to his brother.

"You'll have a full docket this afternoon, Dan—I think. We had a lively time coming in on the train from the Beach, with a drunken Indian boy who ran amuck and pushed the conductor through a window—I missed all the fun, for I was in another car, but I heard about it at the station. Fortunately no person was much hurt—but there were three or four arrested."

He laughed good-naturedly—the West was surely the place to get excitement!

Minnie took a step forward, and the pallid light from a heavily curtained window fell on her. The magistrate's brother fell back trembling.

"You'll not miss all the fun," said she, in an even voice; "You'll be at the trial today, and you will be asked where the Indian boy got his liquor. It would be a pity for you to miss all the fun, especially as you started it!"

Minnie had regained her composure, and spoke now as she had been taught at the Mission.

"My God, Dan—what does this mean?" he cried, and sank in a chair—with the veins in his forehead swelling.

The magistrate looked from one to the other—then made a quick resolve.

"When the case is called today—against your friend—it will be dismissed,"—He addressed himself to Minnie, without turning around, and when he did turn to see if she understood what he had said—she was gone!

The sun had gone down in a blaze of glory behind the trees along the lake shore, and from the upper sky where every cloud had a lining of flame, there fell a radiance on the lake below.

But Mrs. Starblanket's sharp eyes were peering over the lake, only vaguely conscious of its beauty, for she looked for a canoe, bringing the visitors for whom she had been preparing for two days.

The chicken was fried to a golden brown, and the boiled potatoes were steaming on the back of the well-polished stove; the water pitcher, with real ice in it, stood on the table—every plate in the house was in readiness.

The first train from the Beach roared past, not even stopping at the Station, and sobbed through the trees behind her house, with a shrieking whistle that ripped the evening into tatters of sound.

Mrs. Starblanket shivered as she listened—never had a train seemed so overbearing and hostile.

"It sure don't give a dam!" she said to herself, as she watched the funnel of smoke that caught the evening radiance and carried it away to the city.

Vaguely disappointed because Johnny and his girl were late, she built up her fire, mashed the potatoes with a gem-jar, and went outside to her favorite seat behind the house. They could come—or stay—any way she was ready. But a grave loneliness was on her soul, and her pipe went out unnoticed.

On the eight o'clock train from the city, they came, and in her excitement, Mrs. Starblanket didn't notice that Johnny's face was swollen on one side, and his good blue suit was baggy and crumpled. Her eyes were all for Johnny's girl, so neat and stylish in her well made suit.

Mrs. Starblanket was afraid of her at first, but when they sat down to eat, and Minnie was so pleased with everything, and praised the cooking, making Johnny compliment his mothers' art, too, the elder woman's heart melted toward the handsome girl whose only fault was that she was partly white.

"Johnny will sleep sound tonight, Mrs. Starblanket" said Minnie, as they washed the dishes together. He has had a hard day—it is too hardwork at the Railway—too many heavy things to handle—and sometimes glass breaks and cuts hands so bad—even Johnny gets tired sometimes, strong as he is. Anyway, he is thinking of quitting the Railway."

Mrs. Starblanket gave an exclamation of surprise—so did Johnny.

"Yes," Minnie went on, "Johnny told me about the place down north where your other sons are—and how you would like to go too,—there are too many people here—too much noise and crowds all the time, and never any quiet time any more. It's right for white people—but no good for Indians!"

When the dishes were washed, the three of them sat silently on the shore and watched the night come down in purple splendour hushing the world, even the noisy Beach world to sleep.

Long after midnight they sat there, hardly speaking, but each one happy in thoughts of the big country down north, which beckoned to them with its promise of peace and plenty—three happy Indians, about to enter into their heritage of open air and open sky.

GROWING OLD.

Softly, O, softly the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death they did often bring nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail, and the harbour in sight.
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that are adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling
Far from the port and the land of the blest.
Growing old peacefully,
Peacefully and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from their youth wouldst thou borrow;
Thou dost remember what lieth between
Growing old willingly,
Gladly, I ween.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory,
See but the brighter the heavenly glow!
Ears that are full to the world and its story
Drink to the songs that from Paradise flow;
All their sweet recompense
You cannot know.

Fourscore! But softly the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death they did often bring nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear;
Growing old gracefully,
Graceful and fair.

A BETTER ONE.

At the monthly meeting of a certain homing society, one of the members related an interesting experience. He had recently sold a couple of "squeakers"—very young pigeons—to a man whose cote was two hundred miles away. He sent them off by train, and was astounded to find them back in the old cote two days later.

There was a painful silence, broken at length by the president's "Wonderful!"

"You doubt my word?" demanded the narrator of the story.

"Not a bit of it!" was the reply. "It's a strange coincidence, that's all. I sold the very same man a setting of eggs in the middle of June. Before the end of the month those birds had hatched out and had flown back to me! Homing instinct's a wonderful thing!"

An Absurd Question

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer.

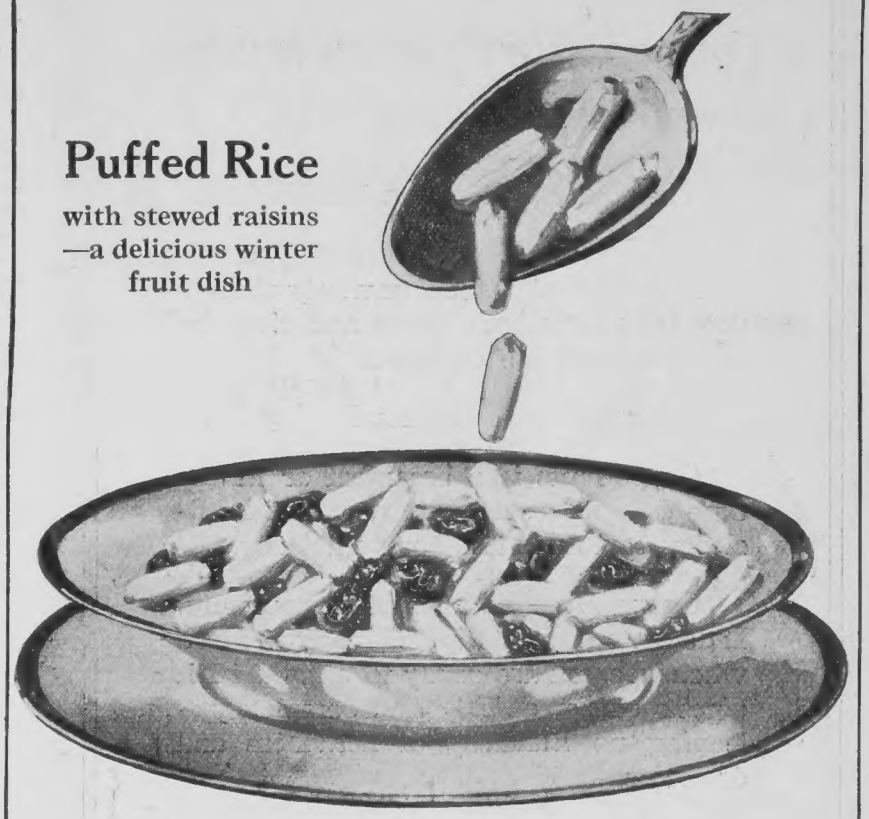
"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman, looking threateningly upon the lawyer.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband. Has there?"

"Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the little, meek man sitting behind her "Frederick? I'd like to see him compulse me."

Puffed Rice

with stewed raisins —a delicious winter fruit dish



Nutted Fruit

Just add Puffed Rice to get it

Fruit and nuts blend well together—for instance, "nuts and raisins."

But nuts are hard and heavy. Puffed Rice is like nut meats puffed. It adds the nutty blend to fruits in an airy, flimsy form.

You will mix Puffed Rice with every stewed fruit when you try it once.

Enjoy all their delights.

Puffed Grains are breakfast dainties, but they are also food confections. Let them bring you all of their enjoyments.

The grains are puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. The texture is like snowflakes, the taste like toasted nuts.

Yet every use supplies whole-grain nutrition in a scientific form. Every food cell is exploded, to make digestion easy and complete.

No other process so fits a grain to feed. And none makes whole grains nearly so enticing.

If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve the children Puffed Grains in endless ways and often.

Prof. Anderson invented them for that.

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Puffed Rice

The supreme cereal dainties

Puffed Wheat in milk—the good-night dish

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You wouldn't put on hobbles to run a foot race

Then why load up on handicaps for the day's work?

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Why put on the hobbles?

Grape-Nuts is a breakfast or lunch-time dish for those who want food efficiency, and mind and body efficiency.

Grape-Nuts satisfies and nourishes. It delights the taste. It is ready to serve whenever you are ready to eat. And it digests easily, quickly and completely—leaving no handicap of heaviness and drowsiness.

Grape-Nuts is the food for health and action.

"There's a Reason"

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Hens lay when they get egg-making food. Give yours the food elements that nature provides to birds in the woods and fields. Give them Pratts—the natural tonic they need to keep them in healthy, profitable condition.

Pratts Poultry Regulator

the standard poultry conditioner for over 50 years.

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You just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the sore throat and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh** Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

The Hoodoo

Continued from page 5

Yukon River announces the second when the movement starts.

In June, along with the men they had hired, they returned to Hunker, certain of finding gold. In Barre's little three-roomed cabin they put up pictures, transforming the rough walls with tapestries. This was a real home to them, close to the beloved mine which was theirs.

The Captain had insisted upon Adrianne learning to shoot. Mamselle shivered at the sight of the little revolver he had given them. This was Adrianne's joy and pride, carried always in a bag at her side as a protection against straying animals. The cabin was several hundred yards from any other, but she was afraid of nothing, except snakes.

The first night in the wilderness the moon had not risen, and the stars that all winter long had been faithful lamps, now failed to shine forth.

"We need bread, Adrianne. Light another lamp and let us go together to our house of provisions."

"Just a minute, tante, I come," and the girl jumped up from the rug where Napoleon purred.

"I am afraid," said Mamselle, trembling, "of those wolves, those bears—and the black night."

"Foolish Aunt!" cried Adrianne confidently. "Of what have we to be afraid? I have my gun."

They crossed the dark space between cabin and storehouse hurriedly, the lantern lighting a little—only a little of the way. They opened the door, went in and set down the lantern. Adrianne took a loaf from the bread tin, while her aunt bent to put some eggs in her pocket. The latter suddenly stood up:

"You hear, Adrianne," she whispered, "that noise, it creeps outside."

"I hear nothing," was the reply.

"Listen, listen, Mon Dieu! It is the Hoodoo. I hear heem again. Quick, shut the door."

It was too late. By the low light of the lantern, a great black shape loomed over the threshold. Mamselle shrank back against the wall. The younger girl remembered the Captain's words: "You aim the revolver so, then you pull the trigger like this." Her fingers crept nervously towards the bag. If the string was too tight—if the gun did not go off—if the aim were not true—Mother of Mercy! keep away that bear till—— At the sound of the report, back fell the THING—back and down on the storeroom steps. Then a pause.

"The devil!" It was a deep agonized masculine voice. Only Adrianne's restraining hand prevented Mamselle rushing forward.

"Damn!" came again in a long groan. There was a man out there, perhaps that bear had killed him.

"Where are you, Monsieur?" called Mamselle feverishly. "Adrianne, bring the light nearer."

They moved ahead cautiously, Adrianne still holding the revolver.

"Mon Dieu!" cried both at once, "It is a MAN, a man in bear's clothes. We have shot a man. He is dead."

Adrianne took the situation in hand. She forced Mamselle to carry his feet, while she lifted the prostrate form in her strong, young arms, and bore him towards the house. On the sofa they made him as comfortable a resting place as possible.

"Adrianne, where are you going?"

"To the cabin of Big Duff. The doctor is there. I have my gun," she said significantly, "I will bring him."

"No, no! exclaimed Mamselle, but the door had banged, shutting in the protesting cry.

Mamselle removed the bear rugs as best she could, looking about for the wound. He had fainted, but the blood came from one arm. She fell on her knees in thanksgiving. He would live then, they had not murdered him.

As Adrianne had prophesied the doctor came and ministered to the sick man.

Thus it was that Tommy Kent came into the life of the curious trio at Robspierre, Mamselle, Adrianne and Napoleon. He could not be moved, the doctor had said, because there was danger of getting a chill.

Big Duff called in at the cabin. He was amused and astonished at the turn their practical joke had taken. They had meant only to frighten the women. As for the bear—Tommy seldom drank so the little he took had made him almost insensible, therefore he had fallen in all unconsciously with their plans and had become for the time being a four-footed prowler.

"Crazy bear! the boys meant him to mosey around and then take himself off, but by gad, that little girl was too quick for him all right." He chuckled in his unpleasant fashion, and went his way enjoying Mamselle's predicament, as near to being in love with her as a man of his type could be.

In the days that followed, Tommy was too apologetic and ashamed to talk about himself. He was indignant with Duff for his share in the mean trick.

"Sorry, Mamselle," he muttered, "I didn't know really."

She bent to serve him some hot soup. "It is nothing, Monsieur, I understand. A little glass, eh? A little fun! and then foolish things."

Moved by his evident contrition the tears welled up in her eyes. After days of loneliness he looked so like a friend she could not bear to be disappointed in him. He must be nice that thin "Tommee" with those merry dark eyes, and boyish mouth. The skin and gestures, too, of a boy. She wanted to smooth down his rumpled brown hair, and she didn't know that her own eyes betrayed her tender solicitude for him.

"Do you know whom you remind me of, Mamselle."

"Of whom, then, Monsieur."

"One of those faces by Rossetti,—Beatrice, I think."

"Indeed you must not say that. I am very old, too old for the flattery."

"Who, Mamselle, is too old for flattery? But you are not old. I have as many years on record as you and I'm not going to be called Grandpa yet, not by a long shot."

"Shush! bad patient," she scolded crossly, but nevertheless pleased.

Tommy, the wicked one, enjoyed being ill. He loved to have Adrianne recount fearsome stories of evil doers she had unhanded. If she had shot him ruthlessly, she now nursed him as wholeheartedly.

Mamselle was watching them together, seeing the enjoyment that Youth takes in Youth's company, was aware of a little spasm of pain.

"He doesn't need me," she would think, "Adrianne is enough." Then her heart would grieve at their pleasure and she would retire as noiselessly as she had come.

Several years in the forest primeval had not dulled Tommy's enthusiasm. He could convulse Adrianne and send her into spasms of laughter by merely lifting his eyebrows or by adopting Mamselle's manner of looking down her nose. He objected to being called the "Hoodoo," but finally accepted it as a just reward for his crimes. Mamselle began a strenuous course of lectures against liquor, much to his delight. He protested that he drank so as to keep from killing Big Duff.

"I owe him a thousand dollars and he's cheated me out of, at least, ten. I'm like old Regan: "They'd orter be a law again it."

Mamselle was righteously angry at the tyrant, so said nothing, while Tommy lit his pipe with his sound right hand, growling:

"You're pretty brave, you girls. He gets us all where he wants us, and somehow I don't like it, you fight him so hard, it will be all the worse when he does crush you."

"You are right. We do need money for that mine, but Tommy, if it is one year, if it is ten year, I get that gold."

"I need a little myself," Tommy declared, and I'd like a lot. When I make a pile and I have ten great bags of nuggets, I will stake you,

Mamselle, and we will all be rich and sail outside."

Thought Mamselle, "Yes, yes! and Adrianne will be his wife. He loves Adrianne. See how his eyes shine when he looks at her! He laughs with her. He throws his head back. They will go away then. I will be alone."

"Cheer up," Tommy called to her. "Why, Mamselle, I can see from that window the little nuggets peeping out of the rocks," and Mamselle smiled, running to look with a feignedly happy movement.

All unconscious of that growing devotion, Tommy hurt her continually by his careless gaiety. In truth he was disgusted by her seeming neglect of him, and resolved not to let her know his real feelings.

In a few weeks the reports of the miners grew a little more favorable, but their demands for higher wages were appalling. The little they received from the mine seemed to vanish before a terrifying row of bills.

Tommy's arm improved and he returned to Duff's camp, dropping in at the little cabin as often as he found time, always welcomed by Adrianne, more than welcomed by Mamselle.

"It is paid, my debt is paid," he cried one morning, catching Adrianne around the waist as she stood baking potatoes for lunch.

"What joy! she shouted in reply, "but now you will be leaving us."

"Put down that potato and I'll tell you a story, little one."

"What have you to tell, Tommee?"

"It is a short story, Adrianne: There was once a man who loved a woman. He was afraid to tell her. He owed a big debt and could not speak. The man hated to be her 'Hoodoo.' "

"Ah—h!" his confidante returned wisely, "So you love the good aunt, is it not?"

"Hush, bad child, she might hear if she has come in. Now I ask you as my desired relative and future niece, have I half a chance, think you?"

"Yes, yes," Adrianne asserted positively, "Oh, Tommee, I am so glad I could shout. Come here, my brave one."

She threw enthusiastic arms about his neck and rubbed his cheek fondly with her own.

Mamselle, returning from the mine, saw them standing there, saw Adrianne caught in what seemed to be a rapturous embrace, and heard Tommy say: "I wish she would hurry. I can't wait to ask her."

Into her bedroom slipped Mamselle with a sob. What she had feared had happened: Tommy and Adrianne, they two, for always, and she alone. Poor little Mamselle! She must never think of him as hers alone. Never dream of his dancing eyes or his laughing mouth; of the capable, strong, white hands, given to the service of another. She fell by the side of the bed with a tragic gesture of renounciation, and then went out to meet them.

Tommy, at the stage of happiness when a man is just about to be happy, said shyly, his head turned away. "I want you to come for a walk. Will you, Mamselle?"

She understood. He wished to ask for Adrianne. Feverishly, with nervous, clumsy fingers, she buttoned her jacket, nodding patiently.

Adrianne watched them delightedly as they rounded the bend on and up towards the hills of Hunker.

"Look at these roses." Tommy pointed out. "Today the whole world is just full of wild roses, and the most beautiful one is . . . . . ?"

"Adrianne," she replied. It was not hard to guess.

"No," said the astonishing man, "not a bit of it. Adrianne is a sunflower, a hard little sunflower, but not a rose, no not a rose."

Still she seemed never to understand. "It is so hard to tell her, shy little rose," he thought impatiently. All at once they came to a grassy slope where the hornets were buzzing in a speculatory fashion around a cluster of salmon berries. They stopped to eat a few.

"We can stop here and rest," signed Mamselle, "if you would like to tell me something."

"Would I," Tommy muttered, "and I've tried and tried to tell you it for weeks, Mamselle. Can't you see it in my eyes. Don't you know what I want?"

She looked away over the distant hills a few moments before replying: "The little Adrianne is so young, Tommee."

His face drew close to hers as though to read her very soul.

"But couldn't she be as happy with you and me, dear, as with you alone? She doesn't stand in our way. Why she is glad too. Didn't you see how glad this morning?"

Light dawned on Mamselle. Her small hands were clenched together, her face was drawn and ill.

"You don't love Adrianne? No, No, you must love Adrianne."

"I love you, I'm telling you. You needn't look like that either, dear."

She was so anxious to be convinced, to conceal the terrible onrush of embarrassing joy that flooded over her and colored her pale cheeks that she said: "But Tommee, Adrianne and you, I saw there, in the kitchen, your arms —yes you must love her," she repeated monotonously, and rising to her feet—Oh Tommy, Tommy, if only you had known, if only you had not forgotten that years of convent upbringing had stifled the natural course of her emotions; if you had not thrown hungry arms about her; if you could have waited, been more patient, never terrified her shy, troubled soul by your desperate outpourings. Tommy! Foolish Tommy! Do you know now why she turned and ran down that awful hill? Why the blue sky turned grey after she had gone? Why you were left there deserted, crushed as the grass under your feet?

And you, Mamselle, happy, frightened Mamselle—if you had realized that your going was the deathblow to Tommy's hopes—would have suffered that ridiculous conventionality of yours to send him from you forever? You went home and said nothing to Adrianne, believing he would follow. He did not come.

Napoleon, winding his way through the reeds and raspberry bushes behind the Creek would have told how Tommy returned to camp and made ready to go with his partner to the Upper River Valley. This expedition was to have been another surprise to Mamselle, its outcome bound to be good. Had she loved him they would have been married in a few months on his return.

He stopped at the cabin of his partner's wife. He heard Adrianne confiding in loud whispers to the large, rocking form of Mrs. Regan: "He come and he come, every day he come, and Mamselle does not like heem. He love her very much. He like her to marry heem, but I know—Adrianne knows—I could tell heem—it don't worth while."

She was referring to Duff, but Tommy, on the threshold of fate, in his blind fear shut the door fast behind him and rode away.

For the sake of Adrianne, Mamselle turned her attention more than ever to the working of the mine. The money she had saved during the winter bought an apparatus for working the ground and the gold taken out had already paid for it. Luck at last seemed to be with the Robespierre mine, and its owner should have been happy, but the ache in her heart since Tommy's going eclipsed any pleasure in the mine's success.

Early one evening, a few months later, Big Duff called in. He had dressed in honor of the occasion, a fact which had not escaped Adrianne's sharp eyes. After a few minutes he signalled her covertly to go. Adrianne, however, became intensely aggravating. She would pick up her knitting needles and make ready to leave, would yawn and shut her eyes; then she would sit back in her chair and rock lazily.

"So the family luck's changed, Mamselle," he said smiling. "Has the old

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

An Easy, Simple Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful—Keep it Soft and Silky—Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkaki in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly, all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

When the hair is dry, always give it a good thorough brushing

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

WHAT A CHILD'S HAIR NEEDS

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

Will your "Good Morning" last all day?

Easy to start from the breakfast table with zest and enthusiasm, but how easy is it to keep on? Does ambition last, or lag, as the day develops?

The afternoon "slump" is a factor to be counted upon, in business or social life.

Usually, there's a reason.

Nerves whipped by tea or coffee won't keep on running, and they won't stand constant whipping.

Many a man or woman who has wished the afternoon would be as bright as the morning has simply been wishing that the nerves wouldn't have to pay the natural penalty for being whipped with the caffeine drug.

Postum gives a breakfast cup of comfort and cheer, without any penalties afterward. There's no "letting down" from Postum — no midday drowsiness to make up for midnight wakefulness; no headaches; no nervous indigestion; no increase of blood pressure.

Think it over. There's full satisfaction in Postum — a cup of comfort for anybody (the children included), any time.

You can get Postum from your grocer or your waiter today, and probably you'll begin to have better tomorrows, as so many thousands have had, who have made the change from tea and coffee to Postum.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

Postum *for* Health
"There's a Reason"

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Robespierre hoodoo gone for good do you think?"

It reminded her of Tommy.

"Yes, Monsieur, he has gone surely."

"I'll bet you're mighty glad, eh? You watch out for your luck, Mamselle. I know him and he likes me. How are you going to make your men stick now that fall has come?" He turned savagely towards Adrianne: "It's her bed time, isn't it? Little girls should get their beauty sleep."

Adrianne scowled indignantly and set her mouth, but impelled by Mamselle's frightened, imploring look, she finally walked into the kitchen, looking back impudently, as much as to say: "I'm not going because you tell me to, but because I feel like it."

Duff moved his chair nearer: "You came here to find gold, didn't you, eh? You like money, don't you? That's right. Now listen girl, there's money mebbe in your mine, but you need money quick, now, to get your stuff out. One thousand dollars—Pooh—but thirty thousand — Yes. Robespierre needs my dredge. It needs a regular experienced man running it, and I'm him. He's me. You'd think it ud make a difference your being Barre's cousin, but I'm not that kind of a man. When I like a person I don't care who their cousin is?"

Was this after all to be the North, the Strong continually pushing and crowding the Weak? Tears of despair filled her eyes. She looked at him coldly:

"How much is it you will buy me for, Monsieur? It makes difference to me I am Barre's relation. I will not marry the murderer of my cousin."

Duff protested: "I didn't kill him. He killed himself by bucking me." He assumed a playful attitude: "Say yes, now none of that faking bashfulness."

Mamselle drew away: "Never, Monsieur."

He looked at her again thoughtfully, not too obtuse to notice some intangible changed quality in the expression of her face. It was as though the spirit of another permeated the room, stood defiant and challenging on the rug between them.

Psychologists say that sometimes a name travels, or a thought, from one mind to another, as though it had been spoken. Both glanced at the sofa where Tommy had lain, pale and wounded, on the night of his coming "Tommy, Tommy," rang in her ears.

"So it's Kent," he said finally. "He's a nice one for you, isn't he? Well he's better dead, anyhow. Did I tell you? I heard he got frozen the other day."

Mamselle sprang as if shot: "Non Non! he's not dead, Tommy's not dead, I tell you."

Duff tried to convince her; then picked his hat up from the chair. Let her sleep on it, then; let her believe Kent dead and she would come around all right. He was quite sure of her now.

It became, from that time on, a pitched battle between them. Adrianne was for using her gun, which she caressed tenderly whenever she saw Duff's tall, ungainly figure approaching. Every day his madness grew, every day increased his jealousy and hate. He would have her at any cost. Impossible that such a slight little reed should thwart him. He would show her.

One day one of the men came running, breathless, to the kitchen door. "Harper's hurt," he gasped. Something went wrong with the windlass. The cable must have been rotten."

At the shaft the men were standing around in helpless attitudes: The foreman was rushing about getting a stretcher made for the injured man. One or two of the miners shuffled up in mud caked boots, with grimy earth-stained faces, and asked Mamselle for their time. It was sickening. Duff must have interfered with the cable: but what could they prove against him. Others of the workmen followed the example of the first few, certain that luck was against their employer, until at last they had all gone, leaving the hillside empty of the sound of pick and shovel.

Adrianne cried salt tears into the pie crust. "Alas, we are ruined."

Mamselle was too discouraged to say a word. Her slight shoulders drooped as under a heavy load, and her large eyes filled with tears. As though in accordance with Duff's plans a terrific storm brooded that night. They noted, disconsolately, that their little stock of food was running low, and since Duff controlled the camp provision house, they were practically at his mercy, unless they could escape by the stage which called once a week.

Next morning, their belongings gathered together, they stood at the cabin door, waiting for it to pass. The snow was several feet deep, and Adrianne had frozen her finger tips. Anton, the driver, saw them in the path, and automatically slowed down his horses to receive them, when he remembered Duff's threat of what would happen should the stage take them back to Dawson.

Neither Mamselle, nor Adrianne understood why he did not stop until at noon when Duff appeared on the threshold grinning maliciously:

"What," he exclaimed, appearing to be astonished, "not gone yet? So Anton forgot you, did he? Too bad, too bad!"

He was rather nervous of Adrianne's revolver. Claire would be easy enough to manage alone but backed up by that hot tempered, spitfire niece, she might prove unpleasant. So he waited till Adrianne was out of the way before he said spitefully.

"So you're down to hard pan, are you? Your grub's gone, is it? Where is your fine lover now, my fair lady? Well, when you're good and hungry and ready to come to terms, we'll see."

"Mush, dog of a man," came from the doorway. Adrianne's revolver was held dangerously; her eyes shooting sparks. "Mush you. Va t'en, she relapsed into French. "Vite." She marched him off down the road before she fell crying on the sofa.

"How long these will last?" Mamselle murmured feverishly of the small slice of bacon and the square of bread.

"We can eat Napoleon Boneparte," Adrianne returned feebly.

"He must be dead, that cat," said Mamselle, "I have not seen him in one week."

"We can shoot a grouse," Adrianne declared suddenly. "Why, tante, you look sick!"

Mamselle was ill. She was tired also, after fighting so bravely, to see defeat at hand. It was terrible to think how Adrianne in order to save her aunt's honor might have to kill a man. Until dawn the nightmare of Duff lying in a ghastly heap on the floor was before her eyes. All through the long wakeful hours to lie with her eyes turned towards the town, or towards the dark forest where perhaps the ice had numbed the life in Tommy's veins. This was Mamselle's agony, to picture the early morning hours in which no breakfast would occur, and to see the hungry Adrianne, to be hungry herself. Do we call in vain when we ask? Never, thought Mamselle. Someone will hear. Some answering Angel will catch the note and send aid. She looked out of the window up into the sky where the Northern lights flashed in shafts of purple and yellow across the boundaries of the heavens.

In that space somewhere was Tommy dead or alive. You heard a voice Tommy as you too lay away under that shining glory. That is why you relinquished the idea of going back to the valley with the rest and returned to the town next morning. If they thought you dead in Dawson, they were surprised to see you arrive at five o'clock behind a team of Moosehide huskies.

Was it chance sent Anton across your path or some Divine purpose. Was it chance made him confess the wrong he had done those brave, struggling women, left to suffer at the hand of a relentless tyrant?

It was love sent Tommy posthaste to Hunker before he had had time to breakfast, with provisions piled high on the sled behind the dogs. It was more than love or perhaps it was a truer, better value of its meaning than most of us material mortals possess. It was chivalry too, but most of all, unselfishness. He was not rushing posthaste to save the women who cared for him, who could give him service for service: He went to save, at his own peril, to rescue from the hotbed of wickedness, one whom he thought had only disregard and dislike for him.

They who saw, say that he met Duff unexpectedly, near the old machinery house where the roof projects right across the path, and the snow sometimes in falling from it, blocks the path.

Duff cursed fluently when he saw him, but he had no mind to let Tommy have the honors of a victory. He must keep him at all costs from the cabin, and he had no gun with him. He tried to signal one of his men to bring one, but Tommy was too quick. In the old days when he had been a subordinate, the latter had longed to corner Duff like that, without a gun, and, taken by surprise. Tommy fingered his pocket lovingly where the other could see the glint of steel.

"Don't curse, Duff," he said, without making a move. "I've got a little news you might like to hear."

Duff sneered, trying to appear at his ease: "Thought the good old ground had you covered, Kent."

"Yes, you did, but I'm alive all right, and Harper says he has a case against you regarding the injuries he received at the Robespierre."

"Let him prove it," Duff returned confidently. "By the way, did you hear that Mamselle has gone outside," he lied bravely. "She's too good, she thinks, for fellers like us."

"You dirty liar," Tommy shouted, losing his temper, "If I don't want to skin you alive, I'm crazy."

He was so fair, Tommy was, that even in fighting a crook he refused to take an advantage. Besides a bullet was too good for Duff. What Tommy wanted to do, was to wallop his ugly face, smash his agressive nose, and then pound him into a dirty pulp.

They both grew hideous with the fury of battle: Duff was by no means slow to rush at Tommy. From the impact of the first blow Tommy's head reeled, but he felt no pain. He had been slow to dodge at first, but he grew cooler and more wary. Duff was a heavier man and everything from an outsider's standpoint was in his favour, everything but that heavy mass of snow and ice on the roof above. Indeed Tommy's cause was lost until a slide from overhead grew in velocity and fell in cracking blocks on the body of Duff, burying him firmly in its relentless grasp.

From all sides miners came running at his call with shovels to release the imprisoned man. Duff was unconscious when they reached him. Tommy thought of the two in the cabin, probably starving, and forebore to waste his pity on one who so richly deserved his fate. If Duff was not dead, he would never dare to do any more harm to the Robespierre owners.

The morning had dragged for the forsaken women: "I am going to shoot a ptarmigan," Adrianne declared optimistically as she opened the door to go out into the falling snow.

Who was coming up the slope behind those dogs? If it was Duff she was ready waiting.

"Mamselle, O Mamselle! It is not Big Duff. It is Tommee, Tommee has come."

And Mamselle, could you believe such good fortune? Could you persuade yourself this was real? Tommy's strong arms clasping you close, closer to his heart? Did you shrink timidly away then? What would the good miners have said, Mamselle? For shame! Take you from him long enough to eat the dinner Adrianne has cooked so hastily. Let Tommy explain how he knew of your predicament; how he fought Duff for your sake and received that ugly cut.

"What a good use for the beefstick," Adrianne had remarked laughing and crying at the same time.

It had ended happily as all stories ought to, and the North had not been so bad then after all. Tommy had made plenty, yes plenty of money in his journey up the river, enough to give Robespierre a new lease of life.

Mamselle regarded him adoringly: "You are not Hoodoo any more," she told him, "you are, what you call him, Adrianne, Yes, yes, you are masket."

Let those who can abide epilogues read:

Tommy married Mamselle next afternoon in Dawson, and then they sailed away into eternal happiness, but the night before, as Adrienne went to the shed for kindling, she heard a faint "meow" in the box on the floor. The moon peered over her shoulder, down to where reposed Napoleon Boneparte, the proud mother of three furry kittens.

"Bon nuit, Madame Josephine," saluted Adrianne.

THE PRAIRIES

Yes, I was born on the prairies,
On the wide, bleak, open plains.,
Where the wild winds whistled an anthem
And shrieked at the window panes.

Oh it came from the far-flung forests,
And it blew from the Arctic Seas
Till it swept 'cross the cattle ranges
From beyond where man ever sees-

Or sometimes the soft, southern breezes
Stole up from the sunny south,
And whispered of sights and secrets
From the Mississippi's mouth.

Then at times, the southwest chinook
Swept round that sod-shack door,
And told tales of a mighty ocean,
Of a sea with an endless shore.

Then again it blew from the mountains
And hinted of silver and gold;
But those from the peaks of the rockies
Would forever their secrets hold.

I've been soothed to sleep by the west wind
As it blends with the wild wolves' howl;
I've been waked by the blizzard's roar
To a day when the storm clouds scowl.

So when I've ridden my last relay,
In the teeth of a blizzard's fury
Oh dig my grave where the west winds play
And the north wind howls like fury.

May the winds that surge play my funeral dirge
As they moan through the poplar trees,
While my spirit swings on the swirling wings
Of a wild Northwestern breeze.

PUBLIC LARGELY BLAMED FOR MISDELIVERY OF MAIL

It sometimes happens that remittances sent to our subscription department fail to reach us and in the majority of instances the subscriber takes the attitude that the blame rests with us. It is, therefore, interesting to quote from a circular which has recently been issued by the Post Office.

"During three days this month," it states, "128,300 pieces of incorrectly and insufficiently addressed mail matter were handled at 55 of the larger Post Offices. This is a daily average of 42,800 for the 55 offices, or at the rate of 16,000,000 for a year of 365 days. Think of the number of postal clerks engaged in handling this misdirected mail, who could, if the general public were more careful, be used to give better service in other lines!'

All Right

Teacher. "Now, boys, I want to see if any of you can make a complete sentence out of two words having the same sound."

First Boy. "I can, Miss Smith."

Teacher. "Very well, Robert"

First Boy. "Write right."

Teacher. "Very good."

Second Boy. "Miss Smith, I can beat that. Wright, write right."

Third Boy (excitedly). "Hear this—Wright, write rite right."

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Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Made in Canada

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The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

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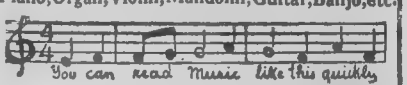

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The Love Philtre

By Grace Cameron McPhee

Dona Maria Josefa Gonzalez Bejar de Jaurregni, otherwise Pepita Gonzalez, gazed disconsolately across the beautiful Vega of Granada, towards the towering peaks and rocky ridges of the Sierras beyond.

She sat with her mother on the low stone wall of one of the terraces of the Alhambra, her big velvety eyes fixed mournfully on the mountains beyond, the corners of her small red mouth drooping pathetically.

"How are you, hijas mias?" cried a cheery voice, and Pepita and her mother turned to greet two ladies who approached. One was middle-aged, and the other a little older than Pepita.

Kisses, embraces, and little shrieks of delight were duly exchanged, and three tongues out of the four wagged energetically.

"Oh how glad I am to be back from that hateful Alhama and its nasty baths," cried Conchita, the younger of the new-comers. "Thank goodness mother is so much better, that I don't think she will have to go back next year. Come Pepita, shall we walk down as far as the Gate of Justice while our mothers talk?"

Pepita assenting, the two girls turned their steps downwards, Conchita rattling on gaily meanwhile. Suddenly she stopped arrested by the look on the other's face.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" she cried, turning her bright, bird-like, eyes searchingly on Pepita's big tear-filled ones. "Are you ill?"

"No, no."

"Whatever is it? Don't tell me that anything has gone wrong with you and Manuel?"

"Yes, everything is over between us."

"But how——?"

"You know when you went away to the baths a month ago, that I was expecting him back from Seville Fair. He returned the week after you left, and never let me know of his arrival, but Old Juana our servant saw him one day in the street. That evening I put on my prettiest frock, and sat behind the reja of the sitting-room on the floor, waiting for him. Lately he had been coming to that window, as looking up to the other on the first floor used to give him a stiff neck. Of course, as he had not yet asked me of my father, he could not enter our house except on special occasions."

"Well—and did he come?"

Pepita shook her head sadly.

"Oh no. I sat and waited with my heart beating so fast, that I felt I should choke. Every sound sent the blood racing to my head thinking it was his footsteps. Oh! how I suffered! Well, this went on for a week,—and—and then I sat no more at the reja to wait."

"Have you seen him since?"

"One night when I went down with my mother to hear the band in Alameda, he came and spoke to us for a few minutes. But oh! how differently from his old way! He never looked into my eyes once, not even when we shook hands, and he soon left us.

"But my dear child, have you not been able to discover the cause of this change?"

"Only that the Mondoza girls, who were also at the Fair in Seville, told me that he had been very devoted while there to Pilar Gomez."

"I see, I see now," and Conchita nodded her head vigorously. "Nature fully intended that bold-eyed jade to be a cigarrera in The Factory, or something worse, but a strange freak of chance has placed her in the bosom of a respectable family instead."

"But you know," broke in Pepita, "she is quite ten years older than Manuel."

"So much the worse for you," returned the other drily. "The labours of Hercules would be as child's play, compared to the task of delivering a man out of the hands of a woman older than himself. But hard as it is I will accomplish it for you, with the help of the Blessed Virgin, and an old gypsy woman that I know of, down in the Albaycin."

"Oh I've had a mariposa burning day and night, in front of Our Lady, in my bedroom, for over a fortnight."

"That was wise."

"But it has done no good," wailed Pepita.

"Patience! You will see now, with Maria Santissima and the old gipsy, working together on your behalf, all will be well. Amalia is just a wonder. She makes the most marvellous love potions. I know two or three girls in Granada, who made splendid marriages, just with the help of her spells. Even neglected wives go to her."

"I'm a little afraid of those things;" ventured Pepita. "Sometimes they turn peoples' brains."

"Oh, Amalia is too clever for that. This kind of work is her vocation, just as being a nun is many another woman's."

"How clever you are," said Pepita, wistfully gazing at her friend.

"Oh not really," answered Conchita modestly.

"How much does your mother know of all this?"

"Very little. Manuel and I are not properly engaged. We have not yet got beyond speaking at the reja. Our first step will be to consult Amalia."

"How can we get down to the Albaycin?" "We should have to go at night I suppose?"

"Naturally. No one must see us go there. But nothing is easier. To-morrow you will come and spend the day with us, of course bringing Juana with you to see you home. I shall have one of my bad headaches, and will not be able to go with my parents to the Alameda in the evening. You will stay to keep me company. This will be our opportunity. There will be ample time for Juana to take us down to see Amalia, and for us to get back before the others return. Bring plenty of money with you for Amalia's prices are high."

Chapter II.

The supreme moment had arrived. Conchita's parents had at last departed. Conchita's langour vanished. Her lips took on a firmer line. In her eyes glowed the light of battle. She had more than one old score to settle with Pilar Gomez.

There was that affair of the Captain of dragoons, who had followed her about for three whole afternoons and nights at the fair last year. He had kept up a continuous fire of flowery compliments and deep-drawn sighs, until he weakly succumbed to a devasting counter attack of glances from the provocative Pilar.

There had been one or two other skirmishes of more or less importance.

Here was her chance to protect the weak, and at the same time strike a decisive blow at the common enemy.

"Now Pepita draw your mantilla well over your face. How much money have you brought?"

"All I had, fifteen dollars."

The three women crossed the great Plaza de San Isidro, turning down a side street. A few minutes' walking and shops were left behind. Streets narrowed down into lanes and alleys. Grass sprouted between the cobble stones, while hole and rut made many a pitfall for the unwary.

On all sides rose houses in various stages of decay and ruin; ghosts and skeletons of houses, now sobre and eerie in deep shadow, now with bare bones gleaming in a patch of bright moonlight.

They were in the old Moorish quarter of Granada. Dubious looking gypsies, and cut-throat Spaniards stood gissip-

ing at alley corners, and squatted at house doors.

"Here is the house" whispered Juana at last, knocking cautiously at a low door in a crumbling wall.

"Quien es?" quavered an old voice.

"Your humble servant," answered Juana.

The rusty bolt was drawn, and the party were confronted by a bronze coloured old hag, with a luxuriant grey beard and black eyes which glowed like live coals.

Pepita's little hand clutched hold tightly of Conchita's arm.

The latter's own heart was beating uncomfortably fast. The old woman well used to nocturnal visitors, silently ushered them into a small ill-smelling room. The sole illumination was from a glass of water with an inch or so of oil at the top, on which floated two tiny lighted wicks. A large tail-less and ear-less grey cat spat viciously at the intruders and with a baleful glare in its green eyes, slunk through the door into the moonlit patio outside. In a further corner of the room something stirred, breathing heavily.

Pepita nearly shrieked.

Turning fearfully they saw, sitting in an old broken armchair, a great body swollen by disease to twice its natural size, with huge helpless arms lying stiffly on its lap.

It gazed at the visitors with an unblinking glassy stare.

"My daughter," croaked the hag. "She has sat in that chair day in and day out for nine years. If it were not for her illness I should be living in the caves among my kinsfolk, and not under a roof."

After much haggling, Amalia agreed to provide them in return for Pepita's fifteen dollars with a philtre which would prove infallible. Fumbling for some time in a drawer of the rough deal table, she produced various dirty, greasy little packages containing dark, fearsome-looking powders. She informed the awe struck girls that these consisted of the liver of a black cat, the heart of a piebald horse and poppy heads all ground to powder. They would all have to be mixed in certain proportions only known to herself, and then moistened to a thick paste with the milk of a woman suckling her seventh child.

Naturally in a quarter so poor as the Albaycin, seventh children were as abundant as prickly pears on the roadside hedges.

"Be sure and give it to him with your own hands," said Amalia to Pepita, "for he will conceive a mad passion for whoever administers it. Dissolve it for him in a cup of chocolate or coffee. To-morrow I will procure the milk to make the paste, and then say my orations over it. The ingredients alone would be powerless without my incantations. Send down your woman tomorrow night for it."

The girls rose slipping their veils over their heads, glad to get outside, and inhale the more wholesome air.

"Now to make an opportunity for you to give it to him."

"Well," said Pepita, "in three weeks we are giving an evening party to celebrate my brother's coming of age; my mother will invite Manuel and his father if I ask her to do so."

"The very thing. And don't forget to keep your mariposa burning day and night before the Virgin."

Chapter III.

The next three weeks dragged wearily; Pepita's spirits alternately rising and falling.

Finding her mariposa extinguished one day, she succumbed to an acute attack of melancholia.

The Virgin must be very angry. Was it because she had been asked to work in conjunction with Amalia?

"No," said Conchita firmly, her quick eyes taking in the position of the image, "Only a miracle could keep anything alight in that draught."

The evening of the party arrived. Manuel and Don Hilario, his father, made their way to the Gonzalez' house. Manuel, a pleasant faced youth, with lively brown eyes and somewhat weak mouth, was feeling uneasy. He wished he had not neglected Pepita quite so much lately, but somehow his visit to Seville had unhinged him. There was an allure in Pilar Gomez' flashing black eyes, and the memory of intoxicating hours spent in her company still hung about him.

Still Pepita was a sweet little thing. He would try and make up to her for his past neglect, but in a non-committal way. Don Hilario, a kindly old gentleman of generous proportions, had no suspicion of his son's recent infatuation. "You and Pepita are well suited to each other. There is not a girl in Granada, my boy, that I should like better for my daughter-in-law. The child is fond of you, isn't she?"

"Well,—er—I fancy so," and Manuel smiled a trifle complacently.

"And you—you care for her?"

"I? Oh well—Yes—I suppose I do."

"What condescension," laughed Don Hilario. "But mind, I am ready at any time, to speak to her father on your behalf."

"Time enough," laughed Manuel, as they arrived at the Gonzalez' house.

They made their way through the crowded rooms, and presently came across Pepita. She greeted the old gentleman effusively, the younger one much less so. Her face was flushed, and suppressed excitement shone in her big eyes. She was a little incoherent in her talk, and pleading her duty to other guests, slipped away.

Don Hilario espied Dona Leocadia Guerrero, Pepita's wealthy godmother, and one of the most important guests of the evening.

In a few minutes he and she disappeared into the big cool patio outside. Manuel stood leaning against the wall, gazing moodily at the moving throng.

Now and then Pepita would flit past.

An odious Captain of Artillery hovered around her. Persumptious fool! And what did she mean, by smiling so sweetly at him?

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL.

Dec. 22, 1921.

Editor,
Home Publishing Co. Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:-

I am now in receipt of the Christmas issue of The Western Home Monthly.

I have examined the copy and find it replete with matter of intense interest. I can well understand how welcome it would be in the 43,000 homes which it reaches. It is distinctly a home journal and I congratulate you on its appearance and the matter which it contains and the arrangement thereof.

With all good wishes, I am,
Ever yours faithfully,
A. W. CURRIE,
Principal.

HERE IS A FAIRY THAT PUTS ON AN APRON

FAIRY SOAP is one of those natural aristocrats of cleanliness which just happens to be low priced—an aristocrat not afraid to put on overalls or an apron.

Any soap could be made blue, or purple, or green, with a little inexpensive dye, and no matter how poor the quality it could be ground up and made into cakes, to look as good as the best.

With white soap it is different. You can't dye a soap *white*. You can't make a white floating soap without using the highest grade materials.

Fairy Soap is *the whitest soap* made. Its whiteness is the admiration of the whole soap industry. There is nothing in the way of a soap better for the skin and complexion—and we have not spoiled it by making it smell like the Queen of Sheba.

For your toilet or bath, for your kitchen or your parlor—when you think of cleaning anything, think of Fairy Soap.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL

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The Big Offer of the Year!

The Western Home Monthly
FOR ONE YEAR
The Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR, AND
A Stamped Tray Cloth
ALL FOR $1.25

Enough reading matter to supply your needs for the coming twelve months, and you will be delighted with the Tray Cloth which is stamped on good quality crash, and all ready for embroidering.

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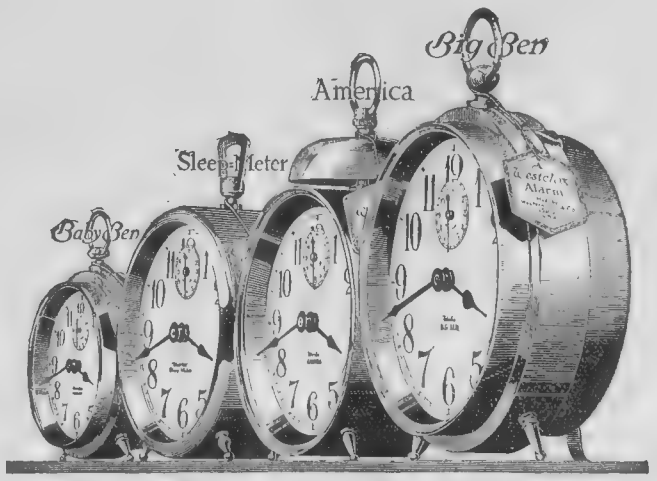

A Westclox for $2.00

THE entire Westclox family started the new year with new price tags. Pocket Ben, the husky, double-back watch, has changed his six-cornered, orange-bordered tag to read $2.00.

America, the founder of the Westclox family, now sports a tag which says $2.00 on the price side.

Big Ben and Baby Ben, the best-known Westclox, have set the price of their services at $5.00 each, provided they are not asked to tell time in the dark. With this extra service they ask $7.00.

In between $2.00 and $7.00 are nine styles and prices of Westclox, but only one quality, and that is Westclox.

A heavier case, a larger gong, a special alarm feature, a luminous dial, may make the difference in price.

A timepiece, to earn the right to wear the name Westclox, on its dial, must prove its ability to tell time accurately.

If it has an alarm it must show that it can ring on time as well as run on time.

Western Clock Co., Limited, makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Canada

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE RUGS AT HOME

Home-loving women everywhere are talking about our EASY WAY TO MAKE HOOKED RUGS. They are spreading the story like wild-fire! You will be just as enthusiastic as they are! Nothing looks more homey and inviting on your floors.

Just imagine! Your floors all bright and cozy-looking with these beautiful new rugs—and it takes only a little of your time, and a few cents for the rug hook and patterns. The work itself is more enjoyable and interesting than any fancy-work, because its results are so much more quickly apparent.

Your attractive floors will soon be evidence of your reward.

The wild-rose pattern shown here took first prize at the Exhibition, Pictou, N.S.

SPECIAL OFFER

This beautiful Burlap Pattern, No. 262, stamped in colors, ready for working, size 11 x 18 x 30 in., regular price 70 c.
Also our special Steel Rug Hook, regular price 25 c.
And simple, easy, directions for beginners, all for 75 c.
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Our big Design Sheet, showing 67 patterns, in six sizes, sent FREE for the asking.
Don't wait! Don't delay beautifying your home, when the cost is so utterly insignificant. Send 75c. to-day and get our Special Offer by return mail.

JOHN E. GARRETT
24 Kempt Street, New Glasgow, N.S.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Manuel was an angry and lonely man.

Presently he noticed her standing near the supper table with Conchita. The two girls turned from the table and came towards him. Pepita carried a cup of coffee, and Conchita a plate of tempting pastries. The latter laughingly offered her dainties and then discreetly withdrew. Pepita silently held out the cup with a hand that shook somewhat. Manuel took it from her, gazing into her flushed face. "Pepita, why are you so cruel? You've not given me a chance to speak to you the whole evening. You know I've been wanting to come and speak to you at the reja, ever since my return."

"Have you?"

"Yes, indeed I have, but I've been out of sorts, er—unwell—in fact."

"I'm afraid I must leave you now, and go and talk to some other people."

"Yes, that artillery puppy, among them, I suppose," burst out Manuel savagely.

Pepita laughed nervously.

"Well there's to be dancing after supper, and you may have the first waltz with me."

Manuel gazed after her and then with a sigh, looked down at his cup.

"Ugh! Coffee and milk. His pet abomination!

"Hola! son, what about supper?" and Don Hilario strolled up.

"Oh father for goodness' sake drink this at once, before Pepita sees us. She gave it to me, but you know I never drink anything but black coffee."

Don Hilario obligingly swallowed the despised beverage. They made their way to the supper room, Don Hilario in the best of spirits.

Dona Leocadia had just confided to him her intention of disinheriting her scapegrace nephew, and leaving to Pepita the bulk of her considerable fortune. Don Hilario did justice to the goodly fare provided. Game, salads, jellies, pastries, all fell before his vigorous onslaught.

A waltz was struck up. A few moments later, Manuel and Pepita were swaying together to the dreamy strains. The evening wore on. She danced with him again and again.

Conchita had nobly undertaken to draw off the Captain, and was finding the process a thoroughly enjoyable one.

"How are things going?" she whispered once to Pepita.

"Perfectly," answered the other ecstatically.

"Did I not tell you that Amalia's spells are marvelous?"

Pepita's great eyes shone like stars, her whole being radiating perfect happiness.

Manuel gazed down ardently into the flower-like face. "Can you ever forgive me Pepita?" he whispered. "Will you be at the reja to-night? Say that you will. Oh Pepita - Pepita, I swear that——" The music had suddenly stopped, the dancers coming to a standstill.

Two young men rushed up to Manuel.

"Come at once; Don Hilario has been taken ill."

Manuel ran across the room, Pepita following. The poor old gentleman sat huddled in an arm-chair, in the throes of an acute attack of indigestion. Waves of green and yellow chased each other upon his round face. His plump hands gripping the sides of the arm-chair. He gave forth to sepulchral groans. Everybody crowded round suggesting remedies in a loud voice. One or two young women with partners showed a tendency to faint. The partnerless ones displayed more self-control.

A pious spinster demanded that a priest should be summoned forthwith in view of what might happen.

A doctor arrived. A glance at the supper table as he had passed in, and another at Don Hilario's face, were enough. He impressively requested the company to retire to the next room. He and old Juana alone remained to minister to the patient, a strong emetic playing a prominent part in the treatment.

At the end of half an hour or so Don Hilario had almost recovered. His mind, as always, was more active than his body. During the evening he had kept a watchful eye on Manuel and Pepita, and was highly satisfied with what he had seen.

The psychological had arrived.

"Have all the guests gone?" he asked faintly.

"No," answered the doctor, "they are still here."

Don Hilario moaned faintly.

"I think I should like to see my son and my hosts."

Manuel and the Gonzalez' entered, Pepita following timidly behind, sobbing quietly.

"Dear friends," sighed Don Hilario, "this is the beginning of the end."

"But Dr. Bojas says you are out of all danger."

"Ah! These doctors—I know how I feel."

Don Hilario took one of Pepita's little hands in his and in a far away voice said "Hijita mia, kneel down here beside me, for I want to say something to you."

Pepita obeyed.

"Has Manuel said anything important to you to-night? You know I have all his confidence; this evening on our way up he told me what the dearest wish of his heart is. Don't be ashamed to tell and old man who is not long for this world and only wishes to call you his daughter before he goes. Is it not so Manuel?"

"It is indeed," answered Manuel eagerly.

Slowly and steadily during the evening the image of Pilar Gomez had been receding from his mind, till it had now reached obliteration point.

"And now, dear friends, will you let me die happy in the knowledge that my son has won the sweetest flower in Granada for his own?"

"Caramba! Don Hilario, no more talk of dying, Manuel shall only have Pepita if you promise to dance at the wedding."

Don Hilario opened his arms wide. "Embrace me Gonzalez! And you little daughter, and Manuel, another embrace each of you!"

In an instant one and all were mixed up in a dizzy tangle of embraces.

Tears of joy ran down Pepita's cheeks, while her mother sobbed, and Don Hilario bestowed disjointed blessings on the tangle generally.

"And now, Gonzalez and Manuel," said Don Hilario in a voice suddenly firm and strong, "an arm each, if you please, and I will go in person, and allay the anxiety of all those kind friends out side, and also tell them of our dear childrens' happiness." "No! do not try to prevent me. In this matter, I must have my own way, even if the effort costs me my life."

Pepita, now a happy matron, and Conchita the equally happy wife of a certain Captain of Artillery, often speak in low and earnest tones of the wonderful powers of old Amalia the gypsy.

Both are thoroughly convinced, that to invoke her aid, together with that of the Blessed Virgin, is to call into being a combination of forces, which it is impossible for any mere unsuspecting male to resist.

A Witty Corporal

The French still possess the quickness of wit and neatness of phrase for which they have long been famous. A nameless corporal who was in Gen. Gouraud's army in Champagne is the latest to uphold the reputation of his race.

A very raw French sentry, mistaking this corporal for an officer, saluted him. The "noncom," unaware that Gen Gouraud was close behind him, promptly returned the salute, although he knew that in the circumstances it should not have been given.

When he got back to his quarters he found an order for him to attend before his commander-in-chief.

When he reported, Gen. Gouraud rated him soundly and asked why he returned the salute when he must have known that he was not entitled to it.

The man was not in the least abashed.

"Sir, I always return anything to which I am not entitled," he said.

His reply turned Gen. Gouraud's disciplinary indignation into a burst of hearty laughter.

LENIN'S SWEETHEART NOW RULES RUSSIA

(Springfield Republican)

She has been called the female Rasputin, the Russian Joan of Arc, the woman Napoleon, the female Ivan the Terrible.

As a matter of fact she is not any of them.

She is just pretty little Olga Gorokoff, the wonderful woman behind Lenin, the real ruler of Russia, the only person whom Lenin obeys and the person with more power in her little hands than the Czar ever exercised. That's the strange story that has just arrived from Europe.

One of the few persons who knows of Olga from her intimate friends, says she is a puzzle at first to most people who have come into contact with her, but once one has spoken with her she is explained. First of all, Olga Gorokoff is a red hot Communist. She is really a fanatic on Communism. When she talks about it to her supporters she raves about it, flinging her arms wide, and with her dark oval face lit up with the fire of her enthusiasm.

When she is not talking Communism she talks very little, unless with Lenin. He is deeply in love with her, and she with him. Between them they keep Russia in their hands; and Olga is the more powerful of the two.

Olga has had a sad life. She was born in central Russia, her parents being agriculturists and not too well off. When the first revolution broke out she was driven with them out of her home, and her father and mother both died one winter from exposure. She never forgot that. The Royalist troops were responsible for her parents' deaths. Her life since has been one long revenge on anything royalist or opposing her idea of democracy.

She was a member of one of the Russian women's battalions during the war. Rising to the command of colonel she began to assert her power over the women under her. She preached the doctrine of socialism throughout the ranks. When Lenin rose swiftly to power she marched to Petrograd with her battalion, saw Lenin and told him that she was at his service with all her female soldiers. From that moment she and Lenin have worked hand in glove.

It is said that Lenin wants to marry her, but she has refused him several times. She says that she must be free to work for the Communist republic. She will not be hampered by household affairs. So Lenin and she remain friends to the outside world —lovers to each other. She is the only woman who can manage him. She is the only woman who gained her way against his wishes; and generally she has been right in her penetration of the future, as Lenin has had to acknowledge.

A story is going the rounds that during the recent split between Trotsky and Lenin the former was about to use force to push Lenin off the presidential chair, but Olga discovered the plot. She walked into Trotsky's office in Moscow and faced him at his desk.

"What do you want, Olga" he cried. "I thought you were a ghost. How did you come here?"

She stood looking at him with her dark eyes—eyes which have quelled the rebellion in hard men of the army. Slowly she drew a revolver from her coat pocket and laid it on the desk in front of Trotsky.

"Comrade," she said, "I see through your schemes as easily as I entered your office. Here is my present to you—that or good behaviour!" And without another word she turned and walked out into the snow again. At the door she waited for five minutes, almost expecting to hear the report of the weapon she had given Trotsky.

No report came.

She drove back to Lenin and reported that Trotsky would not be aggressive any more. She was right again. Trotsky was too weak to kill himself, and his plotting stopped because he feared Olga.

Though she is passionately beautiful, Olga Gorokoff does not rely upon her woman's charms to subdue her enemies. She is as cold as ice when dealing with those who are opposed to her or Lenin. Time after time she has been sent to barracks where the officers have found the Red troops were showing signs of weakening.

How long will Olga Gorokoff's mysterious, uncanny power last?

The best students of Russian affairs believe it will last as long as Lenin is master, after that Olga may forsake him, for even above Lenin she loves power, and her 'mission' is to 'save Russia.' But she stands today the only woman in the world with power to sway a nation. And she is just over 30 years of age!

GERMANY'S NEW LORD

Hugo Stinnes is probably the most powerful and sinister influence in the industrial world of the present day. Before the war in Germany there were many millionaires and captains of industry; today, practically all of them have become subordinate to Stinnes. Briefly he aims at establishing what he calls a "Roof Trust," meaning a super-trust, which will control every industry in his country, so that German industry will respond in all its branches to the instructions sent out from one centre, and the man who will control that centre is Stinnes. Already he has expended fully 250 million pounds sterling on organizing his ideal, and he continues to spend without stint. Papers, industries, barges—everything, in short, interests Stinnes—and it must be realized that he is putting all this money into a country which has been defeated and crushed and is obliged to pay an enormous war indemnity.

The object of Stinnes' trust is to enable German industry to act as one united corporation, so that if one section of it is unfairly dealt with by neighboring countries, the whole of German industry can retaliate. If a foreign country decides to bar out German electrical goods, for example, once the Roof Trust is in existence, the order would go out that no industrial section of the Roof Trust was to purchase anything from that country, or it might be that those sections of the trust which supplied something which that country absolutely must have from Germany would be instructed not to supply it. Thus he aims at turning Germany from a State into an all-powerful business combine and the power of his trust would be far greater than that of the Government. He is assisted in his scheme by the so-called "Plan Industry System," which was inaugurated after the Revolution by the Government itself.

Now the "Plan Industry System" plays directly into the hands of Stinnes. Theoretically, in a few years the Economic Council will rule Germany. Stinnes is determined that he shall control the Economic Council through the Roof Trust. The members may sit as representatives of the various industrial federations, but as employers, at any rate, they will be members of the trusts in those trades. which themselves will be subordinate to the Roof Trust. Under the Government scheme the trust idea is not carried out completely, for the ownership of a plant or company still remains in the hands of its former possessors, and to it go the proceeds even though it enters the compulsory syndicate or cartel. When the Government organizes a syndicate or cartel Stinnes buys up the independent members and forms them into a trust. Thus he and his associates control that cartel. Therefore, as he develops this scheme we shall see that the so-called Government controlled syndicates are really nothing but trusts controlled by Stinnes, and there is nothing in the German law which prevents him from doing so.

One line of business he is specializing in at the present moment is the purchase of newspapers, his object of course, being propaganda. He has organized a tremendous commercial intelligence system, and the personnel thereof he has drawn from the disbanded Intelligence Department of the German Army. Realizing the importance of internal communications, he has specialized in obtaining control of the Rhine, and nineteen out of every twenty-four barges that pass along the Rhine now belong to him. What little ocean navigation still remains in German hands he now controls, and he is building more ships at an enormous cost, for he realizes that he must have ships in which to take his goods, no matter how expensive they may be, and in the meantime he has not ignored the immense power which lies dormant in the life insurance companies, which he is consolidating under his own control.

Stinnes, of course, has his enemies. Indeed, it appears as if he is a man you must either love or hate. His friends would do anything for him; his enemies anything against him; but, so far, his enemies seem impotent. He is characterized by utter ruthlessness, though he is considerate towards his subordinates and servants.

Continued on page 23

Winter days invite your

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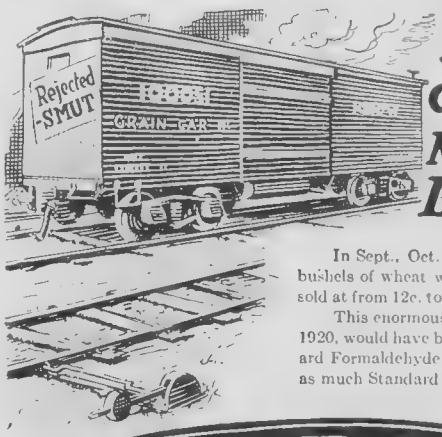

False Economy cost the Farmers MILLIONS OF DOLLARS Last Year

In Sept., Oct. and Nov of 1921 nearly half a million bushels of wheat were rejected on account of smut and were sold at from 12c. to 17c. per bushel less than the market price.

This enormous loss, an increase of nearly double over 1920, would have been prevented if the farmers had used Standard Formaldehyde to treat their seed grain. Last year only ⅔ as much Standard Formaldehyde was used as was used in 1920.

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Is Your Life Insured?

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Low mortality rate—rigid economy—high investment earnings and conservative management enable us to offer most attractive policies—our returns by way of profits to policyholders have earned encomiums.

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The Children's Education

Save for it. Just a little put away regularly in a Savings Account in The Merchants Bank will provide for the college education or technical school training, which will help your boy or girl to forge to the front. The money will be ready when the time comes, if you start to save now; $10. a month means nearly fourteen hundred in ten years.

96

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal. Established 1864.

399 Branches in Canada extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific

THE MERCHANTS BANK SITUATION

There are many matters of extreme importance connected with the proposed absorption of the Merchants Bank of Canada by the Bank of Montreal. There has been a tendency to place the cart before the horse in discussing the situation. There are three main points to be dealt with and they should be dealt with in the order of their importance from the public point of view. These points are: First, should the federal government permit the bank of Montreal to take over the Merchants Bank of Canada?; Second, what steps should be taken to prevent other banks getting into difficulties such as those faced by the Merchants Bank? ; Third, were the head officials and the auditors negligent in the performance of their duties as prescribed by the law and if so are they to be punished for such negligence?

Dealing with the first point, it would seem that the government has to choose the lesser of two evils. Public opinion is opposed to the concentration of financial power in the hands of a few men. It is conceded that the general public looks with disfavour upon bank merges, amalgamations, etc., despite the fact that financiers of world-wide repute insist that modern business requires larger and stronger financial institutions. The people are opposed to bank amalgamations and the peoples' will must prevail. But, in this particular instance we have a large bank whose chief officials openly state, has lost huge sums of money. The confidence of the public in the financial strength of the instuittion is shaken and no bank, no matter how strong it may be. can carry on successfully if it does not have the complete confidence of the public. If the condition of affairs in the Merchants Bank had leaked out before the official announcement was made, there would have been a run on the bank and the uneasiness created would have materially affected every chartered bank in Canada.

Merger Must go Through.

The proposed absorption by the Bank of Montreal saved the situation. It lessened the shock to the general public when the official news was given out; it gave the necessary guarantee to depositors with the Merchants Bank that their deposits were safe and it showed that although our Banking System was not all that we thought it to be, still it made it possible to avoid a financial crisis, such as would have been created had the Merchants Bank been compelled to close doors. In view of all these facts the federal government really has no alternative—the absorption will have to be approved.

The second point is: what steps should be taken to prevent banks getting into such difficulties? There is a feeling abroad that bank directors do not direct. While this has been proven in some instances it would be unfair to state that this is the general condition. The real trouble seems to be that in some cases men are chosen as bank directors mainly because they are leaders in some branch of industry. These men have neither the time nor the inclination to give the service which the position of a bank director demands. To some extent we are falling victims to the system which caused much trouble overseas. The first aim of a company promoter over there a few years ago was to get Lord Somebody or the Duke of Goodness Knows Where to act as a director and the common people were immediately impressed. In Canada, our bank directors are sometimes chosen because the appearance of their names on the list of directors is in the nature of a decoration. They are ornaments only and very expensive ornaments too, it would seem. This must be changed. Bank directors should be chosen because of their business ability and should be required to give close attention to the business affairs of the bank which they have been chosen to direct. Of wha use is the business ability of a bank director if he does not regularly attend the meetings of the bank's board of directors and give proper attention to his responsibilities to the shareholders and the general public.

Are the Auditors Responsible?

The position of the auditors is also worthy of consideration. The legal responsibility of a bank auditor is far less than his moral responsibility. It is a recognized rule among chartered accountants that their duties include all those precautions and safeguards which can be reasonably expected from a business man. An auditor is human, he may be misled or deceived by false records or representations. It remains to be seen whether the Merchants Bank auditors are to blame or. not.

It is obvious that the Bank act must be overhauled and amended whenever necessary so as to ensure heavy penalties for those directors who fail to direct and auditors who do not audit.

The third point is of great importance. Any acts of omission or commission on the part of the executive officials or the auditors should be thoroughly probed. If there has been negligence it should be punished; if there has been no negligence it should be plainly made known to the public. Business men know that a man may be conscientious and capable and still find himself up against insurmountable conditions which result in heavy losses. Business failures are not necessarily due to negligence. It is the plain duty of the federal government to insist upon a complete investigation of all transactions which led up to the unfortunate climax in the affairs of the Merchants Bank, place the responsibility where it belongs and if it is shown that criminal negligence occurred, promptly and severely punish the offenders. If punishment is necessary it should be of such a character as to serve as a warning to others who do not take their duties and responsibilities to the public seriously.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.

When we remove all the technical expressions used by economists in discussing present conditions we find that the whole matter, from a Western point of view, is summed up in the expression of one of our farmer friends "a bushel of wheat ain't what she used to be." The purchasing power of a bushel of wheat today is only 75% of what it was in prewar days. The purchasing power of marketable live stock is only one half of what it was in 1913. That is the situation in a nutshell. The prices of farm products have fallen to a greater extent than the prices of the things the farmer has to buy and until the relation between wheat prices and other prices is restored to a more equal position, business will be adversely affected.

Statistics for December show that the purchasing power of wheat, cattle and dairy produce increased slightly during the month. Although this may be due to seasonable fluctuation it is not hailed by many as the turning point and it is to be hoped that the readjustment will proceed rapidly so that when spring arrives our farmers can start off the crop season knowing that their labours will receive a more reasonable reward than they did in 1921. When we get the purchasing power of wheat, live stock and other farm products on the same basis as other commodities we can confidently look forward to another long period of prosperity in Western Canada.

NOBODY IS SAFE.

Thieves and bandits have no respect for individuals or institutions. This is shown by the recent hold-up of the Manitoba Government's Savings Bank at Winnipeg by gun-men. In a few minutes two men received approximately $6,000. It was all done so quickly that although the bank is situated on a busy

thoroughfare, no one knew what had taken place until the bank manager was released from the room in which he was locked by the bandits. Fortunately, the theft was covered by insurance and no loss will be sustained by the Government. The incident carries a lesson for the man who has to keep reasonably large sums of money on hand. Hold-up insurance costs very little and means very much when a hold-up occurs. The cost is so small that no business man should take a chance of losing the earnings of a long period in the few minutes which a successful robbery takes to accomplish

Western Bank has Strong Statement·

Westerners are always interested in the annual reports of the Union Bank of Canada, because the Union Bank is the only large chartered bank which has its headquarters in the west. This fact, addded to the well known history of the institution as a pioneer in the West, justifies its claim to be a real Western institution.

The 57th annual report of the Bank recently made available to the public has two outstanding features. First: it shows that the bank has passed through the period of difficulties which 1921 presented to all financial institutions in a very satisfactory manner; Second: that the bank continues to serve the West in the best possible way.

W. R. ALLAN
Elected President of the Union Bank of Canada, to succeed John Galt, who retires from the Presidency because of his removal from Winnipeg to make his home in Victoria, B.C. Mr. Galt remains a member of the Board of Directors

The Union has always pursued a conservative policy and this policy is strongly featured in the decision of the directors to carry forward for the use of the bank during 1922 a very considerable portion of the profits earned in 1921. The amount carried forward is $541,686, being $400,000 more than was carried forward last year.

Mr. H. B. SHAW
Newly elected Vice-President and General Manager of the Union Bank of Canada, who presented at the recent annual meeting an exceptionally strong statement.

UNION BANK OF CANADA HAS AN EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG STATEMENT

Bank's Position is Well Maintained, the Liquid Assets being 53.70 per cent of Total Liabilities to the Public---Resources aggregate $152,625,386.

THE balance sheet of the Union Bank of Canada, for the fiscal year ended November 30th, 1921, which was returned to the shareholders at the 57th annual meeting, held at the Bank's head office in the city of Winnipeg, on Monday, January 9th, discloses this well-known banking institution to be in a very strong and liquid position. The meetiing was largely attended by representative shareholders. W. R. Allan, Vice-President, presided. H. B. Shaw, General Manager, presented the Bank's annual statement.

Following the shareholders' meeting, the Board of Directors elected W. R. Allan President, John Galt former president retiring because of his removal from Winnipeg to Victoria, B. C. Mr Galt remains a director of the Bank. H. B. Shaw was elected Vivce-President, and will continue as General Manager.

The Bank's assets total $152,625,386. The readily available portion of these assets represents 53.70 per cent. of the Bank's total liabilities to the public, thus demonstrating that the liquid positiion of the Bank has been strongly maintained.

A very strong feature of the statement is the carrying forward of $541,686 into next year's profit account, this being $400,000 greater than the previous year, and the largest amount in the Bank's history.·

That the Bank has continued to do its full share for the commercial interests of Canada is shown by the fact that the total of these loans at the end of the year was $62,010,007.

Grain loans total $7,295,483. Loans to Governments and Municipalities are $7,420,529.

Deposits totalling $116,723,755 are reported.

Net profits for the year amounted to $1,342,389, which is about $300,000 less than the previous year.

Complimentary copy of our Year Book, giving statistics of the progress of Canada may be obtained from any of our branch managers.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

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Installed with a perfection of detail characteristic of all Martin-Orme instruments, the "Violoform" System (reg'd) of Sounding Board installation and the Duplex Bearing Bar (Martin-Orme Patent), have combined to place their piano above all others in permanency and grandeur of tone.

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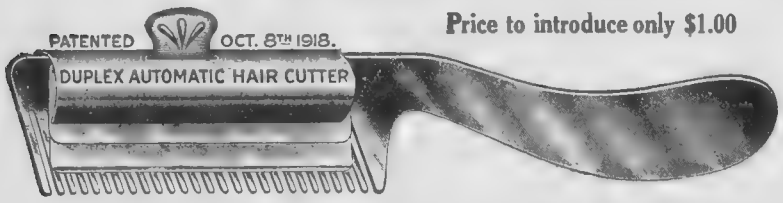

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UNION BANK OF CANADA
Head Office - WINNIPEG

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Music in the Home

The Compositions of Chopin.

Chopin's contributions to the literature of the piano, while not extraordinarily numerous, are most precious. He invented new forms, developed old ones, and built up a tonal idea for the piano wholly new and original; an ideal which has led every piano-maker and every piano-player onwards to higher and higher achievements.

Chopin began his serious career with the composition of a book of studies intended for pupils in higher branches of piano playing. These are, in fact, little poems of passion and beauty, each a gem in itself, although each likewise includes some special technic problem.

There were twelve of these "Etudes," and they have become world-famous. Every pianist must play them, and every pianist delights in playing them. They were followed somewhat later by another set of twelve, which are equally fine and equally well known.

The "Nocturnes" of Chopin are love-poems every one; and the "Valses" were not composed to be danced to, but are rather spiritual interpretations of the dance.

The famous "Polonaises" of Chopin show another diversity of the great composer. Then there are the "Ballades," four in number, musical settings of heroic Polish legends. But the greatest of all Chopin's compositions for force and fire are his "Scherzos."

What Results we want to see from the Teaching of Music in Public Schools.

From an Address by Karl W. Gehrkens of Oberlin College.

If, as a result of the music teaching which shall exist in our public schools, we shall find a much larger number of people loving music and spending a part of their eisure time in playing in the neighborhood or city band or orchestra, in singing in a church choir, community chorus, or oratorio society; if we find increasingly that small groups of people meet in each other's homes to play ensemble music or to sing folk songs; if there is seen to be constant improvement in the quality of congregational singing and in the number of chorus choirs in our churches; andl above all, if we discover a much keener attitude of attention and discriminatin, intelligence on the part of our concert and opera audiences twenty-five years from now—then we may well feel that public school music will have fulfilled its ultimate mission.

And in addition to these things, which constitute what I consider to be our main objective, we shall discover here and there a child with really significant musical talent, and of course it goes without saying that we shall encourage such talent to the utmost and shall thus unquestionably bring to light many a hidden genius that might always have remained buried had there not been furnished a musical environment in which it might take root and flourish.

Practically everybody is capable of learning to enjoy and to appreciate music. The public school system is an institution which virtually all children attend for from eight to twelve years. Let us therefore plan our musical work in the schools in such fashion that as many children as possible shall learn to like and to appreciate the best in music, so that through them the attitude of the next generation shall be quite different from the present one; and let us not permit the organizing of musical instruction in our schools from the standpoint simply of the one class of students whom we ourselves understand best, and who already have an attitude akin to our own, viz.: that of the prospective musician—as we have so often done in the past.

Let us, on the contrary, plan our work in such a way that it shall actually reach a large proportion of our people and shall thus really come to exercise a marked influence in combatting the sordidness of discouragement which has so often dominated the lives of the masses, by bringing about saner living, more refined emotions, and infinitely greater happiness on the part of the multitudes who, were it not for such inspiration, would be often doomed to a life of utter drudgery, hopelessness and dull misery.

Be Trained in Every Schoo In the Land.

It would seem as though the human voice with all its many points of usefulness had been originally designed and intended for the paramount purpose of speech, and next for that of making it a right-hand assistant in the work of familiarizing young humanity with the most uplifting and the most spiritual farce in life—music.

As an evidence of this, witness what the voice is doing through one agency alone, that of the phonograph, with its millions of song records distributed everywhere on the face of the globe. The voice, then, being of such general practical utility and so indispensable in familiarizing the youth of our country, music should receive attention commensurate with its incomparable serviceableness.

At a recent convention of public school teachers, a prominent educator told the teachers that: "Of all subjects taught in the public schools, none is more desirable none more likeable, and none so practical in application as vocal music, particularly when this study includes specific voice training." He might also have said, with absolute truth, that no subject taught in public schools, or any other schools for that matter, is more healthfully stimulating to the mind, soul, and the imagination of a boy or girl than a song when it is properly and comprehensively presented.

Stephen Foster Might Have Become Wealthy.

In a New York court recently an executor's order to compel an accounting of an estate brought forth the interesting fact that the once popular melody, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," is still yielding royalties amounting to $5,000 a year. This song by a Philadelphia composer, Hart P. Danks, has been one of the best sellers for half a century. Exactly what amount it has brought to the family of the composer is not known, but it has been stated that its royalties in the last ten years have amounted to about $50,000. Previous to that time, when the song was in the height of its popularity, the sales were undoubtedly much larger.

In another New York court a judgment in favour of Mrs. Joseph Webster, the widow of the late Joseph P. Webster, was entered for $56,000 for deferred royalties on the once popular ballad, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," for which the contract was signed more than fifty years ago. In that case, the composer was to receive a royalty of three cents per copy, one cent more than is ordinarily paid to present-day composers.

"After the Ball" is said to have brought a royalty of $100,000 to its composer, Chas. K. Harris.

Speculation is often heard as to what the profits might have been to Stephen Collins Foster, sometimes called "the greatest of American song writers," if there had been the means of musical comedy promotion, talking machine, and cheaper printing press of to-day for "Old Black Joe" and the "Swanee River" or any of the other 170 songs which he wrote.

Keeping the Parents Posted on the Progress of Piano Class Instruction in the Public Schools.

When asked how they kept the parents informed on the progress made in teaching piano in classes, to public school pupils, a successful teacher replied: "From time to time during the year the piano classes give little recital programs in their respective schools, and at the end of the year a big one in the high school auditorium.

"On these occasions the diminutive players come to the front stage and announce the names of the pieces which they are about to play, the name of the composer, the meaning of terms of expression and tempo, the key—or keys—in which the composition is written, and proceed to play the scale of that key with both hands, four octaves up and down the keyboard, before playing the piece. All this in accord with our belief that musicianship should be taught instead of mere keyboard dexterity.

"Duets and two-piano numbers are considered in good form, particularly when the players all belong to the same family If a brother or sister of the pianist plays some other intrument or sings, the pian-

istic member of the family may appear in the role of accompanist. The reason for everything done in this work may be found in the affirmative answer to the question, 'Can the child use it in the home?'

THE FIDDLE IN SCOTLAND.

By John Smith

Bard Harpers in Scotland.

In Scotland, and more especially in the Highlands, the double office of Bard and Harpist was often combined. In fact, till within comparatively recent times, every important Highland Chief, or head of a clan, had his recognized Bard or Seer, who sat at the head of the festive board on great occasions, and celebrated in rude verse the prowess and virtues of his chief, and the deeds of his clan in feud or foray, to the melodious twang of the sounding Harp.

The Last Bard Harper in Scotland.

The last recognized Bard-Harper in Scotland, of whom we have trust-worthy record, was Murdoch Macdonald, a locally celebrated minstrel, long retained in the service of MacLean, of Coll, where he resided till his death, in 1734. Macdonald was a pupil of the still better known Roary Dall, the celebrated blind Harper to one of the great Lairds of Macleod, at Dunvegan Castle, towards the close of the 17th century.

In Scotland, however, the long popular, and much-honoured Harp seems to have gradually given place to the Scotch Bagpipes, so closely associated with peat-reek, kilts, and Scotch Whisky. The inspiring skirl of the Bagpipes, it is no more than the truth to say, has proved for generations back one of the most reliable backstays of the British Army. There is, however, no ground whatever for assigning a Scottish origin to the Bagpipes, much as they are beloved in the Highlands. The instrument is common to all countries, and in its most primitive form is as old as the fabled pipes of Pan. In many European countries the Bagpipes were anciently held in great esteem; particularly so in Rome, during the reign of Nero, who is believed to have been a player on the pipes himself, and who thought them worthy of a place on the Coin of the Empire. The Bagpipes though generally admired in the North of Scotland, have not always commanded universal favour in that country. In 1630, the Magistrates of Aberdeen "discharged the common pyper going round the town with his pypes at night, or in the morning in tyme coming, it being often found fault with by sundry folk of the town, as well as by strangers." Yet, the roving, Scotch Bagpiper, done up in picturesque kilts, or tartan trews, pocketing the street-corner penny, and refreshing his tough nostrils with the contents of a snuff-horn between tunes, is essentially a national figure, and has passed with great acceptance into the humorous literature of Scotland. Everyone has heard of Habbie Simpson, the famous "Piper o' Kilbarchan," immortalized by Simple of Beltrees, and of the equally famous "piper" who met Maggie Lauder "gaun to Fife", and struck up a merry acquaintance with her on the road side, making her heels fly to the music of his chanter. The genuine love of the Highlander for the pipes has been finely recorded, by the late genial Dr. Norman Macleod, in a stirring and picturesque bit of well-known verse:—

"Dance, my children, lads and lassies,
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels;
Piper, roar from every chanter,
Hurricanes of Highland reels;
Make the old barn with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum;
Batter it with "Tullochgorum."
Till the storm without be dumb."

The Scotch form of the Bagpipes were originally of various shapes and sizes. In some parts of the Highlands the people in former times played a small, soft-toned set of pipes, which were used mostly when dance-music was in request; or, during the long, dark nights of winter, when the family circle sat around the red peat-fire within the lonely shielin, while outside, the wind

"That grand old minstrel, smote
His sounding harp of pines,"

as a fitting accompaniment.

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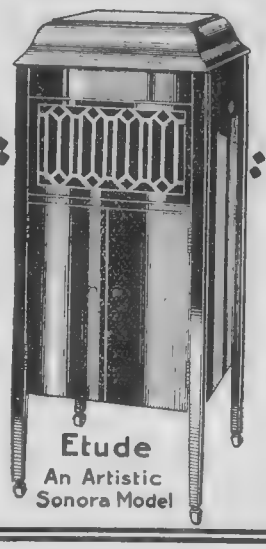

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For Those Who Sing.

At this season of the year when there ard many concerts and entertainments being held, singers are much in demand, and the main question is always, "What shall I sing?"

Among these recent publications are two delightful love-songs, "Love Sent You to Me," and "Sing to Me at Eventide." A very bright little encore song that leaves a smile on every face, is "Thank You for Thanking Me." "Wait for the Sunshine" has a beautiful melody, well suited to the cheerful sentiment of the words. To "The Music Lover" the sweetest of all is "The Same Old, Dear Old Place," a charming home song that will win every hearer. It is a song that will never grow old. "Friends of Yesterday" will appeal more to men singers. It is a stirring tune, and the words will find an echo in every heart, for who does not think often of friends they once had? There are also two new sacred songs which are particularly fine, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," and a new arrangement to "Lead, Kindly Light."

MY LADY JEAN.

(A Valentine to my Wife.)
By Fred Scott Shepard.

In the happy days gone by,
Sweet was my lady Jean;
Rosy cheek and sparkling eye,
Loved was my Lady Jean.

Years have quickly passed away,
Sweet is my Lady Jean;
Added charms have come each day,
Loved is my Lady Jean.

In the future yet untried,
Sweet will be my Lady Jean;
As we journey side by side,
Loved will be my Lady Jean.

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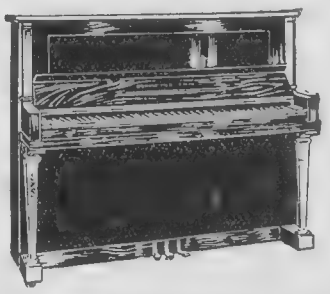

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The Philosopher

THE OUTLOOK.

THE men who can scan the future with practised eyes, who have experience and knowledge of affairs are agreed that in Canada there is decidedly not less but more ground for confident optimism than in any other country. Our Country has come through trying times better than other countries, on the whole. Canada is sound at heart, and possesses great recuperative powers. True it is that the national debt is heavy, that our railways have been overbuilt, and that there are relatively too many people in the cities and towns and too few on the land. These things may all be remedied in large measure by a wisely conceived and vigiorously carried on immigration policy. Our country's greatest need is that two or three million settlers shall during the coming decade be added to the population. Such an accession to the number of people engaged in fundamental industry on which the whole national fabric of Canadian progress and prosperity is built, will furnish work for all the railways, bring about a better balance of population between country and city, and provide a solid foundation for the well-being of the Canadian people as a whole. The governmental policies that will bring this about, making the conditions of life and work for those engaged in agriculture all that in justice they should be, and that it is possible for governmental policies to make them, with equal justice all around, will be the policies of the greatest and truest advantage to Canada.

THE WORLD POWERS IN CONFERENCE.

THE net results of the agreement arrived at betwee the world powers for the cessation of competition in navy-building are that an enormous burden of taxation will thereby be lifted from a world impoverished by the world war, and that it will enable the governments of the world to give more attention to making peace secure and developing the possibilities of peace for human welfare, without the distraction of having to have constantly in mind the pro blems of war preparations and of watchful attention to the war preparations of one another. The "naval holiday" agreed upon is to last ten years. By the time that period has expired, humanity, it is surely to be hoped, will have advanced to a position in which the policies of nations will be based upon a realization of the folly of war, its stupidity, its futility and the endless human misery that goes with it and follows after it. Surely by that time the methods of preventing war by negotiation will have been carried so far towards perfection in their working as to give every reasonable hope of making world peace secure. There are only four things needed, and the Washington Conference has made a fine beginning by showing how these four things may be brought into action. They are, first, foresight, to see international trouble coming before it arrives, second, frankness, in outspoken recognition of the fact that troubles' are inevitable in human relationships, third, good-will, to provide the proper atmosphere in which differences and troubles may be discussed without passion, and fourth, the light of publicity illuminating open diplomacy and allowing the people of the nations to see and understand what is going on.

WORLD ORGANIZATION.

THE great problem of civilization is to perfect the work of world organization. The paralysis of large sections of the continent of Europe, and the effect of that paralysis upon Great Britain, Canada and the United States illustrates the interdependence of the peoples of the world upon one another. Each country of the world is benefitted not by the calamities, but by the prosperity of other countries. The intricate channels of commerce along which goods used to flow from places where there was a surplus to where they were needed are in many cases broken down by the devastating results and consequences of the world war. There is plenty of food in the world today, and there is no lack of good-will, but the channels are lacking which would make it possible for civilization to deal with the present problems of disease and starvation in large areas of continental Europe. An immense amount of relief is being given. But the world machinery for dealing immediately and adaquately with such a condition is not in existence. Good wheat is being burned today as fuel under boilers in the Argentine republic. In parts of the United States corn is a cheaper fuel than coal. In Russia thousands are dying of starvation. Could anything demonstrate more plainly how far the world is as yet from the realization of those ideals and forces which we term civilization?

ONE OF THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION.

EACH succeeding generation of Canadians may well find inspiration in the visions of Canada's national destiny which inspired the Fathers of Confederation, who carried on the great work of forming this Dominion. One of them was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who said in a speech which was once familiar to every Canadian: "I have spoken without respect of persons, and with a single desire for the increase, prosperity, freedom and honour of this nation. I call it a nation, for such it must become, if all of us do our duty. I see in the not remote future one great nationality, bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of Ocean. I see it quartered into many communities each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse, and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the Western mountains, and the crests of the Eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine and Saskatchewan, the fivefold Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John and the Basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their course, I see industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining, in peace and in war, a constitution worthy of such a country." That speech was made in 1867. There is inspiration in it for this year 1922 and for all the years that are to come.

THE SPREAD OF ENGLISH.

AN interesting sign of the spread of the English language comes from the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia. Before the world war the Magyar language was by law the language of instruction in the schools within the territory which now makes up that republic. The Slovak language was not taught; and moreover, under the repressive laws of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, students in the schools and other educational institutions who were of Slovak nationality were forbidden to converse in public in their mother tongue. Since October, 1918, when the Czechs and the Slovaks became independent and founded their republic, not only is Slovak the language used in the schools and in the university which has been established in Bratislava, the capital of the republic, but English is taught, too, and the government of the republic is using every effort to promote the study of English. At the recent meeting in Toronto of the American Association for the Advancement of Science there was some discussion of the possibility of making Esperanto a world language. That language, which is made up"", greatly simplified language, is taught in the schools of Geneva. But there seems to be no hope of its ever coming into use as a world language. Such artificial developments cannot be brought about. Inasmuch as English-speaking, all over the world, are notably less apt than speakers of other languages to acquire a new language, the non-English-speaking people are likely to continue picking up English more quickly and successfully that the English-speakers pick up other languages. English is thus gradually spreading all over the world. It is now the language most useful to a world traveller.

OUR RESOURCES NOT "ILLIMITABLE."

ON this page last month The Philosopher took occasion to protest against the exaggerated language used by some public speakers, and used also in some publications—including certain school books —about the "illimitable" natural resources of Canada. The Toronto Globe agrees that it has been too much the habit to exaggerate the natural resources of the Dominion, and describes them as "practically inexhaustible." National pride is commendable, but, as the Toronto paper says, "it should not take a form which tends to encourage waste." In the past there has been reckless destruction of portions of the Canadian national heritage, notably in the case of the forest wealth of the country. In addition to the requirements of wood for building, there has been in recent years an enormous increase in the use of wood for making paper very largely for export. Many of the newspapers with the largest circulations in the great cities of the United States are printed on Canadian pulp-paper. There is also a deplorably great loss from fire every year. Wood is a product of slow growth. In European countries the value of this national resource is recognized; provision is made against waste, cutting is done with care and under official supervision, and there is systematic replanting. To the pioneers of Eastern Canada the forest was an obstruction to be destroyed; and for generations lumbering operations were carried on with a view solely to immediate profit, with carelessness and lavish wastefulness. In the future there will have to be more and more of conservation.

LLOYD GEORGE.

ONE of the finest and truest things that has been said of Lloyd George is that he is a man of genius who possesses—or, rather, is possessed by—a complete realization every minute of what the common, ordinary average everyday man is thinking and feeling. Most of all, he has the common man's realization, which is often subconscious on the part of the common man, that it is in common men the destinies of the world are now vested. He has the common man's contact with facts. One of his intimate friends has written "Place before Lloyd George a pile of State papers, and he will become restive. Officials must look through those and report to him. But give him a man to talk with, and he will read his mind as he reads a monthly magazine." This means that in regard to the psychology of nations Lloyd George is seldom, if ever, wrong. He has the insight of genius, he has a wonderful gift of eloquence, he has an extraordinary driving power by which he gets things done, and above all else, he has in the core of his heart, honesty and courage. We Canadians, equally with the people of the other nations in the British Commonwealth of nations, are proud and grateful that such a man is at the helm in London.

INCREASED INTEREST IN ARCTIC RESOURCES

WITHOUT the official approval and sanction of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police no person can hereafter travel north of Fort Smith. Before he can go into the far northern regions, the prospective traveller towards the Arctic lands must explain his motives for going north and prove that he has a sufficient food supply and knows what he is about; unless he demonstrates that he has the necessary knowledge and skill to enable him to travel in the wild lands without danger of having to have a rescue party sent in search for him, he will not be allowed to go on, and moreover, he must have legitimate reasons for wanting to go north. This is a wise regulation, and will save much hardship and peril of life. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the native Manitoban who has won world-fame as an Arctic explorer and scientist—(he was born at the village of Arnes on Lake Winnipeg, seventy miles from the city of Winnipeg, on November 3, 1879)—has proved himself to be an unexcelled exponent of the application of brains to the solving of the problems of Arctic travel. By combining great natural physical and mental ability with hard practical common sense, he has made an absolute record. His achievements are a triumph of intelligence, persistence, brain-power and will-power. Incidentally he taught the medical profession how to overcome scurvy; and in his own case fought and overcame typhoid, pneumonia and pleurisy, and then had to travel by dog-sled four hundred miles before finding the shelter of the farthest-north hospital and the care of a physician. As Sir Robert Borden has said truly, he is a man of real greatness, and his work in the far north will yet yield material results of value in more ways than one.

TARTANS IN PERSIA.

THERE is a historic stronghold in the Persian province of Khorasan, which only one European is recorded to have seen until 1919, when a small British and Indian force went to that province to defend it against an invading army of the Russian Bolshevists. The sole European who is on record as having set eyes on that stronghold before 1919 was Sir Charles Metcalfe McGregor, who after some strange adventure saw it in 1879. He records in his book that he was amazed to find the people in that part of the world wearing "tartan plaids which might have come straight from Scotland." An officer who was with the British and Indian force which entered that stronghold in 1919 writes that he was "particularly struck by the local tartan plaid that is so astonishingly Scotch." The name of the stronghold is Kelat; it stands on a great hill of rock, which was first fortified by Arbaces the Great, King of Parthia, about 240 B. C. The length of its ramparts is not less than fifty miles, writes the officer in question, in an article in Blackwood's; and he adds that "the fortress is so immensely strong by nature that it dwarfs Gibraltar." It stands in a highland country, where "the men and women wear sheep-skins, with the local tartan plaid which I have described already as being so astonishingly Scotch." The writer goes on to say; "When one reflects that the people of Khorasan are of the same Nordic clan that inhabits the East of Scotland, it is not difficult to comprehend that the same tradition has kept the tartan weave alive in the two far-sundered mountain regions." This sounds to The Philosopher like a large assumption. Does it mean that the population of Khorasan is descended from Scotch ancestors, or that Scotland was colonized by settlers from Persia? And did the Scotch tartan plaid originate in Scotland or in Persia?

THE HEARST NEWSPAPERS IN THE STATES.

EVERY thoughtful and informed man and woman in the world who is concerned for world peace and the well-being of humanity has reason to deplore the malice with which the sensation-mongering Hearst newspapers in the United States devote themselves to the propagation of falsehoods designed to create and foster prejudice and hatred against Great Britain in the minds of their readers. Those papers carried on that malignant work with frantic energy during the Washington Conference. They represented the British delegates to that Conference as being masters of deception and treachery, and as having diabolical skill in duping the representatives of the United States Government. Day after day, the many Hearsts newspapers in the great cities of the United States, from California to New York, printed articles in large type and cartoons, all designed to make it appear that Great Britain and Japan were united by a secret treaty in enmity to the United States, and would strike together when the opportune moment came. All the thoughtful and well informed people in both the British Empire and the United States, as well as in every other country, realize that the British Empire—or, to use the more accurate expression originated by Premier Smuts and Premier Borden and adopted by Premier Lloyd George "the Commonwealth of British Nations"—have discovered that their ideals and purposes are the same, and the sheer logic of the situation compels them to work together. The grotesque falsehoods of the Hearst newspapers are deplored by all right-minded people in the United States and by all the respectable newspapers under the Stars and Stripes. The Hearst newspapers, with all their malignity and fabrication of falsehoods cannot prevent the increasingly strong growth of accord between the English-speaking people

GERMANY'S NEW LORD

Continued from page 17

In brief, therefore, alongside the House of Representatives in Berlin is a more potent house—the Federal Economic Council. There gather the great leaders of industry and representatives of the men they control. This body controls the very life-blood of industry, its raw materials; and it is this body which Stinnes aims at reducing to the position of nominees of his own. Naturally, if the men in this Council are managing directors under the control of Stinnes as super-director in their businesses, they will do what he wants in the Federal Economic Council, and what the Federal Economic Council says must be done, the German Government, so-called, must carry out.

Story of a Career

Stinnes did not start from nothing. He inherited a considerable amount of wealth from his father, who in his turn had inherited large coal mines from Stinnes' grandfather. But he determined to begin at the very beginning and actually worked in the mines with pick and shovel. His first incursion into business other than coal-mining appears to have been due to annoyance at the large fees he had to pay to the barge owners on the Rhine who carried his coal. He determined to own his own barges. Having acquired his barges, it occurred to him that he might carry iron as well, so he began to buy iron-producing plants, and this naturally led on to the steel manufactures. From this he passed to electricity. When the war came August Thyssen was regarded as the super business man in Germany, nor were Krupp far behind. The war gave Stinnes an opportunity which he was not slow to grasp. In a word, he did for Germany what Lloyd George did for England—organized the whole country as a vast industrial machine for purposes of war. As a result Thyssen and Krupps had to obey his orders. Nominally, of course he was working under Ludendorff, but his was the brain which supplied Ludendorff with what he required. Therefore, when the war ended, not only was he at the fore front of German industry, but he had been able to penetrate practically every secret of German business and finance.

This is the man with whom the rest of the world must reckon. In him is concentrated the German "will to win." In the new struggle for industrial supremacy he is giving to Germany a G. H. Q. which is of inestimable advantage, and the "Plan Industry System" has enabled him to enlist the support of the actual workers in those industries. Stinnes, in short, has realized that the changed world requires new methods in business. He is fifty-one and, so far as one can see, should have twenty years of work left in him, and twenty years may show many changes. It is perhaps characteristic of the man, and a point which in a republic is an advantage, that he has never taken a title or decoration. He is still Herr Stinnes in a country which swarms with grafs, barons, and men with high-sounding titles. What is England doing to meet this business genius?

We Agree

At the conference in the country store the talk drifted to the work done by the various wives of the committee present.

"Waal," contributed Uncle Ez, "my wife is one in a million. She gets up in the mornin', milks seventeen cows, and gets breakfast for ten hard-working men before six o'clock."

"She must be a very robust woman," volunteered the commercial traveler who happened to be present.

"No, stranger, she ain't what you'd call strong: she's kinder pale and delicate-like. But say!"—with a burst of enthusiasm—"if that woman was only strong, I don't know what she couldn't do!"

Count Your Blessings

An overhear conversation between two small boys, brothers, aged five and three and a half.

The older: "See how tall I am, Chauncey. See how much higher my head goes up than yours?"

"Yes, Malcolm," said the little three-year-old. "Yes, your head is higher than mine;" then, with a radiant look of equality, "but my feet go down as far as yours Malcolm."

The Railways of Canada Draw to Your Attention the

NEW RAILWAY RATES!

FOR PASSENGERS

The advance on sleeping and parlor car tickets authorized in 1920 has been cut in half—the advance made on ordinary fares at that time having been completely taken off many months ago.

FOR SHIPPERS

The percentage of advance granted to the Railways in 1920 has been reduced ten points. In addition to a five point drop at the first of the year.

These changes became effective December 1st.

Your Cost of Living

YOUR cost of living should be directly affected. If it is **not** it is because (1) as the railways have pointed out before, the actual money paid for their services is an almost negligible factor in making prices, and because (2) even the huge sum now cut out of the railways' revenues and amounting to approximately—

$25,000,000.00*

annually—becomes a very small fraction of a cent when split up among the billions upon billions of small and large articles which constitute the freight traffic of Canada during a year. And because

(3) the Court which has the power to control railway rates is **not** able to direct who is or is not to get the benefit of reductions. In other words, whether these savings in railway charges are passed on to you—or whether they are absorbed in marketing, cannot be controlled either by the railways or the public.

BUT this fact remains: a very great sum of money—enough to build every year a small city, or a Quebec Bridge, or four hundred and fifty of the newest and most powerful locomotives—is now removed from the revenues of the Canadian Railways and should be reflected, at least to some extent, in the family Budgets of all Canadians!

WHETHER your railways can continue to function **without** the revenue thus lost to them, is an experimental problem facing the various managements. It depends largely on whether traffic keeps up or falls off—and whether costs rise or decline. But the managements are attempting the problem cheerfully and with determination to keep Canada's railway service the cheapest, mile for mile, and among the most efficient in the world!

*Estimated

The RAILWAY ASSOCIATION of Canada

263 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

306 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

St. John's Technical High School Winnipeg

THE BOOK LIST.

The suggestion that our readers use some of the winter time in reading a few of the best books which English literature has to offer, brought so many responses that the editor of this page has been working overtime to answer them. To compile a list of the ten best books is by no means an easy matter. A dozen times in the past, some of England's best literary men have published lists of books from the One Hundred Best Books down to the Five Best Books, and the publication of each list has provoked a fresh controversy.

I am by no means certain of the soundness of my own list and shall withhold publication until I have had an opportunity to consult some of the literary minds of our Province.

In the meantime, a new difficulty has arisen. Subscribers find difficulty in getting the list filled by booksellers. It is probable that arrangements can be made to have the titles supplied at a popular price, and future inquiries will be met with respect to this point.

The fact that the suggestion of winter reading has proved so popular is a very healthy sign that our western people are by no means devoted entirely to things material. The letters received also disclose a regrettable condition in many cases—a great scarcity of good books in lightly settled districts.

In the meantime, remember that "within good books lie buried treasures."

A COLUMN OF QUOTATIONS.

I believe that readers will be interested in the following quotations, some of which have been gathered from sources not easily accessible to the average man.

A valuable mental exercise can be worked out in connection with these by copying them in column form and leaving a space opposite each quotation in which to record your own impressions of the thought presented.

"There is first the literature of knowledge and, secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move."—De Quincey.

"When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone."—Scott.

"It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world."—Cobbett.

"There is no danger in the nine-volume philosophical-encyclopedia, but watch out for the pamphlet that fits into the side pocket and sells for a few sous."—Voltaire.

"Seven years of silent inquiry are needful for a man to learn the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-men."—Plato.

"Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat."—Johnson.

"What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real."—Hedge.

"To most men, experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed."—Coleridge.

"Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable, actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and, working, believe, live, be free."—Carlyle.

"He who thinks he can find within himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken."—Rochefoucauld.

"Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug; but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm."—Eliot.

"When error sits in the seat of power and of authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent which originates indeed in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale."—Colton.

"One man costs society ten millions while he makes a million, while another adds ten millions to society's wealth as he makes one for himself."—Hillis.

"Men who by their actions succeed not as they would are always ready to impute the blame thereof to heaven, so as to excuse their own follies."—Spencer.

"Weigh not so much what men say as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness."—Sidney.

INTEREST ON A LEGACY.

In a codicil to the will of Benjamin Franklin was left $5000 each to the towns of Boston and Philadelphia for charitable purposes, provided that after 100 years the amounts with accumulations, should be disposed of partly in public works and partly for continuation of the charity.

The first century of the bequest ended January 1, 1891. Of the two towns, Philadelphia had declined the bequest and allowed it to lapse.

Boston accepted its bequest and applied it in accordance with Franklin's wishes. The $5000 had grown to $431,343. Of this, the city and state each received $164,630. and $102,083 was set aside for reinvestment, in continuance of the charity. The interest rate earned during the first century represented nearly 4.56% compounded annually.

During the next hundred years it is estimated that the $102,083 will amount at the same rate of interest, to $8,803,608. By the terms of Franklin's codicil, the trust will then cease and the sum must be divided between the city of Boston an the State of Massachusetts.

A BETTER MAN.

"I am not a rich man; in this prosperous age, I cannot be classed as well-to-do. But during a long life, I saved a little for old age. I know it was my duty to deny myself in youth that I might not later be a dependent. I know I did better than the man who frittered away his substance and his time. If there is any apology to be made, let it be made by those who wasted their time, failed to save a little and are now public charges. I not only take care of myself; I take care of others, and that is the first duty of every man. I have been robbed by many, but have not robbed any one. I have never speculated. The little I have has been accumulated a dime at a time. For years I struggled to pay insurance premiums. Now the dimes are coming my way, almost two for one. Anyone may do it; it is the duty of every one to do it.—E. W. Howe in Ventures in Common Sense.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

For those who wish to improve themselves in the art of letter writing, a book, "Commercial Correspodence," recently from the press of D. Appleton and Company, New York, will be of interest. The authors, Ralph Starr Butler, B. A., and Henry A. Burd, Ph. D., have based the book on notes developed years of instruction to those engaged in the actual conduct of business.

In the 524 pages, substantially bound, and of pleasing appearance typographically, are to be found practically all of the suggestions necessary for the develpoment of an effective letter writing style. Such matters as acknowledging orders, letters of application, collection letters, form letters, sales letters, vocabulary building, letters of recommendation, abbreviations, clearness and emphasis, are dealt with fully and plainly.

According to the authors, the book has two main purposes:

1. To teach the rules of grammar and rhetoric with particular reference to their application to business English.

2. To teach the best usage regarding the forms of business correspondence, to consider the essential qualities of all effective business letters, and to discuss in detail each of the more important classes of commercial communications.

The authors have succeeded very well in their object and their explanations and suggestions are supported by numerous letters and paragraphs actually used by various business houses.

HUMAN FORCES.

In industry, says Charles E. Carpenter, in a recent magazine article, every human being, from the president down, contains just so much force, the same as a shovel of coal contains so much force.

Human force is represented by several traits of character, natural and cultivated, which are largely wasted because there is little applied effort to utilize most of them.

Some of these traits are given here:

Loyalty	Executive ability.
Will-power	Knowledge.
Experience	Perseverance.
Power of concentration	Courage.
Co-operation	Artistic ability.
Mechanical ability	Mathematical ability.
Literary ability	Economy.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

Abraham Lincoln once said that God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them. It certainly is true, says Edgar A. Brown, that the middle class in any country is the main-stay of that country provided they are developed in the proper direction. Any person who is born and reared in that class has no just grounds for complaint. The road to eminence is open to him if he cares to find and pursue it.

We all desire success in whatever we undertake, but the first question to be determined in the minds of forward looking young men is "What is success?" Too many young people fail to ask themselves and determine for themselves this important question. One who has developed a good character has succeeded thoughhis name is not known beyond the limits of his own town.

THE STIMULUS OF POVERTY.

Judge Baldwin of Chicago, writes that comparative poverty and very limited educational and social advantages during early and middle life constitute no insuperable obstacles to success. Indeed, they often afford the stimulus, for the lack of which, many a well-bred and well-educated young man makes a comparative failure.

Whatever may be said as to conditions in other countries, I am clear that in this country, at least, almost any degree of success is attainable, if one is willing to pay the price—hard, unremitting and continuous application along one course of endeavour. A liberal education broadens a man, and adds much to his efficiency; if obtainable without the sacrifice or subordination of individual initiative, it is of inestimable value; but it is not indispensible to success.

EXPERIENCE VERSUS MONEY.

George H. Barbour, a well known manufacturer of Detroit, reports that his idea of a young man's success depends largely upon his willingness to start in at the bottom round of the ladder and work himself up. If he starts in with the idea that he has got to receive large salaries he will not make a success. The first salary I ever earned, he says, was fifty dollars a year and my board, but it was experience that I was after, even if it was in a country store, and I got it with only a little education mixed in.

Young men are so differently constituted that some will make a success and some will not. The man who is the general manager of my company started in as an office boy at seven dollars a week and he made a success. It all depends upon the young man himself. If he has ability and is given his chance there is no reason in the world why he should not succeed, if he will work on this basis. He wants to show his employer that he has the ability to work himself up.

LOVE FOR A VOCATION.

Henry Woodward Sackett, a successful lawyer of New York, sums up these success paragraphs very well when he says that the secret of success cannot be told in words. Nor does any truly successful man regard himself as such, because he realizes how far short he has fallen of his highest aims.

If I were to put into the fewest words, he says, the essentials, I should state them in this order:

First: Love for one's vocation and belief in it.

Second: Long years of study, of persistent, painstaking, self-sacrificing study.

Third: The cultivation of the great mental and moral quality, decision of character.

Fourth: Devotion to the interest of one's patrons.

Fifth: Systematic modern organization.

Sixth: Rigorous rules of personal and office professional conduct.

Seventh: A sense of obligation for unselfish public usefulness.

BUSINESS ENGLISH

It does not matter in what occupation a young man may engage, he will find that he cannot escape the need for a practical and effective use of English. As one writer says,"The skilled use of Business English is an asset—the unstuded use of it is a liability." The purpose of all business building English is to lead the reader to do gladly what you wish him to do. Among the Canadian books on this subject is Canadian Commercial Correspondence, a volume of 295 pages, published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto. It deals effectively with such subjects as Rules of Business Correspondence, Vocabulary Building, Letters Containing Remittances, Letters of Application, Punctuation and Capitals, Letters Ordering Goods, Civil Service Examinations, The Private Secretary and His Duties, Commercial Law and Insurance, Proof reading Commercial Abbreviations and Foreign Terms and Phrases.

Many men are handicapped through life by not being able to express their thoughts freely and intelligently. They have perhaps a very limited vocabulary or are not able to combine properly the words they already know. On this matter of word selection, a recent publication has this to say:

'Twixt the word that is short and the word that is long,
There's a vital decision to make;
'Twixt the word that is weak and the word that is strong,
There's a hazardous venture to take:
'Twixt the word that is right and the word that is wrong,
There's a tragical issue at stake.

COMMERCIAL LAW

"Ignorance of the law excuses no one," runs the old legal maxim. Largely because of this, and also because a knowledge of elementary legal procedure may serve to avoid many a difficulty, a little study of the laws of commerce usually results in a fund of valuable information. One of the popular Canadian handbooks is Anger's Summary of Commercial Law, a little manual which summarizes many of the important legal points of business proceedings. It includes discussions relating to the law of minors, contracts, promissory notes, wills, property, mortgages, partnerships, companies, banking, drafts, and landlord and tenant.

The study of commercial law will not, and is not intended to, fit a man to become his own lawyer, but it may also serve a purpose equally valuable—to point out the necessity for consulting a lawyer. The lawyers have a toast, "Here's to the man who makes his own will." Comment is unnecessary.

Warranted to give satisfaction.

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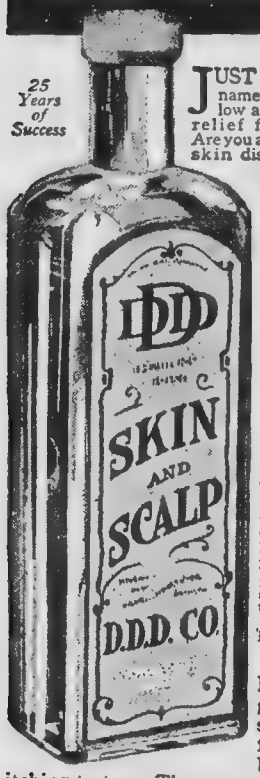

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

The Hot Bed as an Aid to Horticulture.

Owing to the increase of interest in matters horticultural the hotbed is becoming more of an essential in the raising of vegetables and flowers. With our comparatively short session, an early start in the garden gives one a decided advantage, and to obtain such a start the hotbed comes as a friend in need.

The construction of the hotbed is not a very involved proceeding and does not necessitate the financial strain that would make it an exclusive luxury but by the aid of some old boards and window sashes one can obtain to a certain extent the advantages of a greenhouse.

It is necessary to choose an advantageous location to get the maximum amount of benefit and the site chosen should be where the north winds will be robbed of their force and where plenty of sunshine is assured. The frame should be made of two-inch planks six inches higher at the back than the front and some sashes about three by six feet may be placed as a top. It is important to locate the hotbed in a place where water will not lie, in fact where the land is high and well drained.

To start, the soil should be taken out to the depth of about eighteen inches and about three feet wider than the frame so that the banking may be provided for. This banking plays a very important part in the conservation of heat. Horse manure is the best to use in making a hotbed; not old rotten manure but quite fresh. As a preliminary step this manure should be piled within easy reach of the hotbed and when it begins to heat it should be turned so that a uniform heat is maintained throughout the pile. After about five or six days, providing the turning has been carefully attended to, it should be ready for use, that is if it is quite hot. The manure may now be well shaken in the bed by the aid of a fork. When one layer is made it should be well tramped and then another layer started. This process being continued until the right depth has been attained. The depth required depends on when the bed is made. If made early, the manure should be from two to two and a half feet in depth but if made later when the weather is not very cold, about a foot of manure will be sufficient.

After the manure has been put in, the frame should be placed on ,then about four to six inches of manure put in and banked well around the sides of the frame, both inside and out. On the outside, the manure should be banked to the top of the frame and from twelve to fifteen inches in width. The lights should now be fitted on and made to fit snugly.

In two or three days the sash may be removed and the manure given a tramp over and levelled up where necessary after which the soil may be put on. The soil should be rich and of such a character that it will not bake. This soil should be from five to six inches in depth over the manure. It is better to have it a little too deep than too shallow. In order to have the soil right, it should come near the top of the frame at the lower side when put in as the manure will sink considerably and the nearer the plants are to the glass later, the stockier they will be.

In five or six days the hotbed will be ready for the seed though it is necessary to wait until the temperature has fallen to between 80 degrees Fahrenheit and 90 degrees Fahrenheit. At this time some of the heat may be allowed to escape by raising the sashes a little every day. Do not be in a hurry to sow the seed as results will be disappointing if the temperature is too high. It is advisable to spade the soil over when the right temperature has been reached and finally the surface levelled over with a rake and left in a fine condition; this puts the bed in condition for sowing.

The seed is generally sown in rows about four inches apart and about the same depth as outside. When the young plants come up the frame should be kept sufficiently aired by raising the back of the sash to prevent the plants from getting spindly or weakly when they are apt to damp off. Care should be taken to prevent them from getting chilled or frozen. When necessary the soil must be watered but be careful not to overtdo this as the plants would then be likely to damp off. The plants are pricked out into another sash or frame when they are large enough. This work of caring for a hotbed is similar to the care of an incubator, in other words, a little care and all will be well; a little carelessness and all will be lost.

Those who contemplate making a hotbed this spring should procure a good reliable thermometer for use in connection with this work as guess work is not at all good enough where best results are expected and it is very disappointing to have one's early preparations brought to nil just because there was a slight slip in the management of affairs. This is particularly disappointing to the ambitious grower who may have horticultural show honors as his or her aim for the coming season.

Settting Hens.

Without raising the controversy in regard to which is the better means of incubation, hens or an incubator, it may be said that where it is intented to hatch no more than about a hundred chicks, the use of hens is to be preferred. Unless the incubator is going to receive the care and attention that is required to properly run it, it will be far and away less efficient than a number of hens. However, as this article concerns setting hens that subject alone must hold the floor.

Of course one comes across a good many people who have varied experiences to relate in regard to success and failures where hens have been the means employed in hatching eggs, and a good deal of the failures may have been the result of having the hens set in places where there is too much disturbance and civil war among the poultry generally.

It is a good plan to have all the setting hens together and all other birds excluded. A separate colony house is a good idea or a partitioned off part of the poultry house where they will be unmolested by the rest of the flock. Have water, grain and a dust bath within easy reach of the hens when they come off the nests.

A good plan in regard to broody hens is as follows:

When a hen is broody, dust her well with dry sulphur or insect powder and move after dark from the nest in which she is setting into a nest which has been prepared for her in a secluded part; put no eggs under her till after a day or two trial, then if she is still inclined to sit, put 13 to 15 eggs under her according to her size. Always see that the nest is perfectly clean and disinfected before allowing the hen into it.

In regard to the nests, the kind which have received good recommendation are made like a square box with roof on and one side made of slats which may be removed to admit or release the hen. The slatted front may be hinged and so constructed that it will stay in a horizontal position when open thus forming an alighting board for the hen when entering the nest. The nest may be formed by putting a piece of sod in the bottom of the nest box with litter around the edges.

Several hens may be started at the same time so that as the eggs are tested the number of eggs will likely dwindle and those that remain can be doubled up and given to fewer hens. The second test will cause another doubling up and when the chicks hatch they should be put with as few hens as will brood them while the other hens may be utilized for further sitting.

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Two years ago this young man knew nothing in particular, and, of course, he earned very little money. He reasoned that the men of his acquaintance who were filling good positions and earning substantial salaries were men who were trained.

That was enough. He also would get a vocational training—he would have a career instead of a job—and so he enrolled for a course with the International Correspondence Schools.

For 30 years the I.C.S. has been helping men and women to win careers—to make secure and progressive their positions in life.

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Mark and mail the coupon to Montreal today, and we will send you, free, an interesting booklet that tells all about the I.C.S. Method of earning success in spare time.

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TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

Solve this puzzle and win a CASH PRIZE. There are 8 faces to be found above, showing in the limbs of the tree and the body of the owl. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words, "I have found all the faces and marked them" and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of ties, handwriting and neatness will be considered factors. If correct we will advise you by return mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply direct to

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

I FORGOT.

How many girls use the above excuse for a neglected piece of work or a broken promise! I know a mother who will not allow her daughters to say "I forgot." A man of my acquaintance says nothing antagonizes him more than this expression from any one in his employment. It indicates weakness. To some it is a habitual phrase.

It is a real talent to have a good memory. We find in the magazines advertisements of courses on "How to be Successful." On examination they are schemes to train the memory.

Is it possible to have a talent without good memory?

A poor memory indicates carelessness. A musician must memorize, an artist carries in his mind pictures and impressions of colour and form, an author has the faculty of remembering accurately people, facts and information. In fact we really cannot be successful if we have a poor memory. An employer values the services of an employee who does not have to have an order repeated.

Any girl can begin now to train the memory. A good quotation every morning while dressing is excellent help. It trains the memory and fixes the mind on a definite thought. Think of it on the way to work. One who allows the mind to drift during this morning period wastes energy. To centre the mind on a quotation suggesting beauty, hope, faith or strength creates ability. It strengthens the mental power. This is the day of the survival of the fittest.

"I forgot" is a germ that destroys growth and progress.

Younger Than Her Years.

A woman prominent in the public eye, remarked the other day that she did not want to look younger than her years. She wanted the years to mark their time on her face. She would desire to look older than her years. She added that the time is past when women like to be told they look younger than their years. How many agree with her? I do not!

I see young women of eighteen whose lives of dissipation have destroyed the tissues and muscles of their faces until they look old. They appear twenty years older than they look. They may have the mistaken idea that they can cover up the lines and vacant expression but most of us see through the sham.

On the other hand there are women who are fifty years old who look no older than thirty-five. They have lived useful lives full of service and they have filled their days with such unselfish optimism and joy of work that somehow there has not been time for the years to write worry lines on the face. I know several women of this kind. They always will look young and furthermore they like to be told they are young. Two of them are among the best mothers I know. One is the mother of eleven children, the other is the mother of twelve children, and one would have to look hard to find any lines in their happy faces. I know another woman who has no children of her own but she mothers humanity. Everyone loves her for she radiates sunshine in the darkest corners. Her name is well known. I am sure she appears fifteen years younger than she really is.

To live well must we look old? On the contrary it is the woman who lives for herself who appears older than her years. When we are inspired with a zeal for the welfare of others—for our family, our community, our country—the germs of life kill the germs that make the body and mind decay; and that life building energy creates strength, joy, —youth.

A Beautiful Woman.

There must be something wrong with a woman who does not love beauty. Surely the creator must have inspired us with this desire because He has so controlled the elements of Nature that they have filled the world with beauty. Ugly thoughts cannot live when we behold wonderful mountains and meadows ablaze with blossoms. Canada is so big and beautiful and its potentialities so promising that the environment will develop beautiful women. What is a beautiful woman? Every reader has a vision when she thinks of that question. Every normal woman wants to be beautiful. One famous author has this to say: "While prettiness, only an affair of the surface, is so prevalent, beauty is rare because it is deep; it is made up indeed, less from appearance than from the mind, the spirit and the heart. Nothing in the world has been ever beautiful merely on the surface. Beautiful women of every conceivable type hold their pre eminence through a single unchanging possession—an inexhaustible, rich store of vitality. Regular features and a graceful body alone would not in a golden age of beauty have kept an army for years about the "Walls of Troy."

There is every element in our Canadian environment to make women beautiful —the purest air—magnificent pictures of scenic inspiration, promise everywhere of rich reward for searching the story of her products and abundant harvest if we work in the right way. Undiscovered possibilities are all about us. Women of the new places in the north who visit our cities are charged with magnetic personality. They have a vitality radiating beauty because they have come in contact with the big things in life. So close to nature and Nature's real people are they that they grow genuinely beautiful. This is the type of the real Canadian woman . She is beautiful.

A Girls' Club.

The following report is remarkable for a great work that is suggested betwe the lines: en

"Our club was organized eleven years ago and the older we grow the less we have to report, though we feel that every year yields better, stronger, and richer results than the one preceding. Our girls are all wage earning. Out of an enrollment of one hundred and twenty-five we could find only two who were not working and these two are busy girls. Our creed is "Mutual Helpfulness as Christ Would Have it." We have this motto in our club room: "Let No One Speak a Discouraging Word in This Room.' Our work is all personal work among girls —the Big Sister Plan.

We have no class distinction in our club. We are like one big family all anxious to give the less fortunate girl more sisterly attention. We have a Sunday afternoon tea to which all girls are invited. There is no charge for this. The girls enjoy this social hour. It gives many girls an opportunity to spend Sunday afternoon and evening in a safe and happy environment. Our Sunday afternoon lessons are prepared on subjects that embrace all interests in the lives of girls—the leader always emphasizing the value of Christian Guidance in a girls life. I might mention one illustration of our personal work. For our Christmas offering we helped send a girl to her father in Scotland and every member gave a little Christmas gift to a poor child.

This department would like reports of other girls' clubs.

PRINCESS MARY TO WED

The betrothal of Princess Mary, only Daughter of King George and Queen Mary of England, to Viscount Lascelles, officially announced in London Nov. 22nd. Viscount Lascelles is the eldest son of the Earl of Harewood. He is thirty-nine years old and won distinction in the World War being three times wounded and winning the British Distinguished Service Order and the French Croix de Guerre. Princess Mary was twenty-four years old last April.

A ROMANCE OF HEARTS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

As this is Valentine month, the following clipping of "A Romance of Hearts from Shakespeare," might be a game of interest for a Valentine party:

1. Who were the lovers?
   (Romeo and Juliet.)
2. What was their courtship like?
   (A Midsummer Night's Dream.)
3. What was her answer to his proposal
   (As You Like It.)
4. What time of the month were they married?
   (Twelfth Night.)
5. Of Whom did Romeo buy the ring?
   (The Merchant of Venice.)
6. Who were the ushers?
   (Two Gentlemen of Verona.)
7. Who were the best man and maid of honour?
   (Anthony and Cleopatra.)
8. Who gave the reception?
   (The Merry Wives of Windsor.)
9. Where did they live?
   (Hamlet.)
10. What caused their first quarrel?
    (Much Ado About Nothing.—)
11. What did their friends asy?
    (All's Well That Ends Well.)
12. O which make of "range" did Juliet cook?
    (Othello.)

'Use heart shaped papers.'

Classified

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENT to sell Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap Toilet Articles. Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from $25.00 to $75.00 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply Bovel Manufacturing Company, Dept., 28, Toronto, Ont. tf

AGENTS WANTED in every farming District, Very easy sales. Big income. Write today. "SIMPLEX," 424 Chambers of Commerce, Winnipeg. 4-22.

STAMPS

STAMPS 100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals we buy stamps; large lots; for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. t.f.

STAMPS FOR SALE

Collectors—Package free, postage 3 cents, Stamp Co., Box, 86 Britannia Beach, B. C. 4-22

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BETTER BREAD! Ho-Mayde Bread Improver will give you a finer, sweeter, larger loaf. Perfectly wholesome. Ask your grocer for it. Send 15c. for a package to C. & J. Jones, Lombard St., Winnipeg 3-22.

WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS WANTED, Otter, Beaver, Lynx, Bears, Eagles, all other classes. All kinds for sale. Charles C. Garland, Oldtown, Maine. 3-22.

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FOR SALE—Pure-bred Saanen goats. Leslie J. Marshall, Saan Ranch, Weald, Alta. 2-22.

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WANTED To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 3-22.

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ORIENTAL MYSTERIES. Little objects which when placed in water develop into birds, animals, and brightly coloured flowers. Three packages 25c. postpaid. Marvelous Ouija Talking Board, answers any question. 25c. postpaid. S. M. Nickerson, Dartmouth, N. S. 2-22.

"MYSTA" SEX DETECTOR accurately determines sex of eggs, animals, humans, even handwriting. Scientific, mysterious, useful. Only $1.00 S. Reed, Box 322, Hamilton, Ont. 2-22

STAMMERING.

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D. C. 2-22

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FREE BOOK Elijah coming before Jesus. Convincing Bible evidence. W. Megiddo, Mission, Rochester, New York. 2-22

HOME WORK—We want reliable parties to knit for us at home, whole or spare time. We furnish machine, yarn, etc. Send your name and address at once for full particulars. Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Dept. 5, Orillia, Ontario. 2-22

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FREE CATALOGUE—Write for our new catalogue showing a splendid assortment of Novelties, Books, Specialties, Stereoscopes and Views, Decorative Goods, Silk Pieces, Fancy Work, Pictures, Magical Tricks, Masquerade Supplies, Post Cards, Song Books, etc. Send your name and address and we will send catalogue postpaid. United Sales Co., Dept. 2, Station B., Winnipeg, Manitoba. —2-22

CAMPARA BRONCHIAL PLASTER—Greatest known remedy for coughs, colds, inflamations of lungs and bronchial organs; powerful, penetrating, reaches seat of the trouble in a few minutes. A remedy for young and old; easy to apply; positive cure. Clip this advertisement and show it to your neighbours. No home can afford to be without it. Send $1.00 today for large bottle and full directions for use. The Campara Remedies Company, Winnipeg, Man. 2-22.

HONEY ALL SOLD FOR THIS SEASON. Thanks to our many customers. Watch for our advertisement next season. G. W. Krouse & Sons. 2-22.

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"HELP WANTED"

WOMEN WANTED. $35 week. Earn while learning. Become Dress Designers. Sample lessons free, Franklin Institute. Dept. A 529, Rochester. N. Y. 2-22

BOYS AS FUTURE CITIZENS

You boys have been repeatedly told that you should remain in school and get your education while you are young. Leave the few available jobs to older people who must work. You have been given many reasons why you should remain in school; now here are a few thoughts about what will happen if you do not.

If you leave school for the sake of the few paltry dollars of ready money you will earn in some job, you will be throwing away the big chance of developing yourself—the chance of preparing yourself to climb to the highest position you could fill in years to come.

How do we know? From the thousands of cases of our disabled men in the army. From the careful studies made by the government. It is not often that the opportunity comes to find out among grown up people just what terrible hardships they have struggled against just because they left school as soon as they bere big enough to find jobs.

We have a few, a very few men who succeed without a good education. They are written up in the magazines because they are rare exceptions. All of them, however, will tell you how much easier it would have been if they had had more early training.

In one particular group of some 4,000 crippled soldiers, four per cent had never been to school and were practically illiterate. Over 50 per cent had left school in the fourth, fifth, or sixth grade. Because of their wounds and disabilities they could not go back to their old occupations.

What determined their choice for a new vocation. Their intelligence and education. Their physical defects counted for very little compared with their mental abilities. For the man who had had a high school education many paths were open. For the uneducated, poorly trained man only a few trails could be followed to a competent living.

America is the land of opportunity. Any boy with education can climb to the place where his ambition will lead him. He need not stop until he himself is satisfied with his achievements.

There is hardly a father who does not wish his son to make a better success of life than he has been able to make. There is hardly a son to whom the making of a success is not a possibility.

Education is the golden key that unlocks the door of opportunity. Don't envy the man of high position but fit yourself and your opportunity will come. Go back to school, Boy, and stay there hard at work until your education is complete.

As the Good Book says:—"Get wisdom Wisdom is the principal thing.'

Standing and Understanding

'Sedentary work, said the college lecturer, 'tends to lessen the endurance.

'In other words,' butted in the smart student, 'the more one sits, the less one can stand.'

'Exactly,' retorted the lecturer; 'and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely.'

Freddie: "Father, I had my fortune told to-day and it was prophesied that I should have a new bicycle."

Father: "There you are, that only proves what I told you—these fortune-tellers never tell the truth."

THE JUVENILLE ANATOMIST.

Definitions are difficult and often tedious, but when a child attacks one, the result is sometimes illuminating and delightful. Here is a recent attempt on the spinal cord:

A wavy line—my head sits on one end and I sit on the other.

Your Grocery Chance

Our purchasing facilities and experience enable us to supply your Grocery requirements by mail at a cost that means money saving to you. Hundreds of Winnipeg's best Households of all ranks have been our regular and satisfied customers for years. Your order will be promptly filled from one of the freshest and most up-to-date stocks in this city. As to our reliability we can refer you to the Bank of Montreal (Fort Rouge Branch), The Codville Co., or the Editor of this Magazine can tell you all about us.

Sugar, Granulated	per 100 lbs.	**$8.00**	**Honey,** " Ontario "	10 lb. pail	**2.15**
Apples, Evaporated	per 3 lbs.	**.70**	**Jams,** Pure, 4 lb. pails	each	**.85**
Prunes	per lb.	**.12**	**Lamp Burners**	per doz.	**.75**
Corn Flakes, " Kelloggs "	per doz.	**1.20**	**Lamp Chimneys**	per doz.	**1.20**
Calfmeal, " Mayer's ". 4 x 25,	per bale	**4.60**	**Lanterns,** Cold Blast	each	**1.15**
Salmon, Large Size	per tin	**.30**	**Lard,** Pure, 3 lb. pails	each	**.55**
Tomatoes, Choice Pack	per case	**4.00**	**Compound,** 20 lb. pails	each	**3.20**
Pork and Beans, " Clark's "	per tin	**.20**	**Linseed Meal,** Pure Crushed	per lb.	**.07**
Cheese, " Ontario "	per lb.	**.22**	**Matches,** Large Boxes	per doz.	**1.00**
Rolled Oats, 20 lb. Sacks	each	**.69**	**Bacon,** Swift's Smoked	per lb.	**.29**
Coffee, Ground, Best	per lb.	**.46**	**Oil Cake,** 100 lb. bags.	each	**3.50**
Herrings, " Holland "	per keg.	**.90**	**Salt Blocks,** 50 lbs.	each	**.85**
Axe Handles, " Hickory "	each	**.25**	**Syrup,** Corn, 10 lb. tins	each	**1.40**
Butter Tabs, 20 and 30 lbs.	per doz.	**1.00**	**Tea,** " Blue Ribbon ".	per lb.	**.50**
Flour, " Five Roses "	per sack, 98 lbs.	**3.90**	**Tobacco,** " McDonald's Plug "	8 for	**1.00**

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We will allow the highest prices for your produce, including hides.

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Mothers' Section

Training for Thought Control.

Because all sorts of thoughts flash into the brain, it is very commonly taken for granted that one cannot control his thoughts, therefore cannot be held responsible for his mental condition. But this is not true. The old saying is "One cannot prevent birds from flying over his head, but he need not let them nest in his hair." For instance, a boy going down street may see two others fighting and he cannot help for a moment thinking about "giving as good as one gets," but he can learn not to let his mind dwell on that subject so as to crowd out better things. If one could not control his thinking, he could not be held responsible for his conduct. It is commonly taught and rightly, that conduct is determined by will power, but will power is largely dependent upon judging, and judging is the direct product of thought.

Every one can, if he will, become a sort of double personality to the extent that he can look within and see what his thoughts are, then decide what they ought to be and shall be. He may choose to think pure, definite, truthful thoughts. He may study and search to find ways of helping himself learn how to close the doors to some mental guests and open them to others.

As with control of physical powers, so with thought control—it is not to be gained in the twinkling of an eye, nor can it be had merely for the asking. In both cases directing, suggesting, training must begin for the child before he can understand his own needs. Aiming at habit is the way of mastery. A mother with her young children was driving through a lonely wood on a dark night. The little ones were afraid and talked about possible dangers till they were making themselves very uncomfortable. Then the mother suggested. "Never mind, dears, just look up and count the stars." Soon childish voices were exclaiming in delight over the number and beauty of "the forget-me-nots of the angels." Suggestions of this kind often repeated do much toward helping the child grow into the habit of unconscious mind control. He will at least learn how to find relief from mental discomfort.

More can be done, however. The child can learn, should learn, early that he himself has power of mind control just as truly as he has power to control his body. To the end that he may learn how true this is, it is helpful to give him little exercises. For instance, if he is in a room thinking about a book, or the experience of an hour before, or about supper, he may be told to go to the window, look out and notice what he sees, try to think where the people are going, or consider the size or use or beauty of a tree. To be sure, he has used material aids, but he has a beginning lesson—how to come to one kind of mind control. Then let him turn from the window and recall his line of thought before looking out; ask him to think of something he cannot see—another experience, or a person he likes, and "think hard" about it. He will learn that he can direct his thoughts from this to that. Such a lesson will give him a sense of power that he very much needs in his equipment for meeting all manner of thought suggestors.

A teacher of high standard in ethics advocates turning "the telescope of a little clear thinking" on things that are not good to contemplate vaguely. This is often profitable for children. The child that cheats at school may plead, "Why, we've always done that," or "What's the harm, it's only school; 'tisn't business." Show up the doing as real stealing, then say, "Now, you see, you don't want even to let yourself think of such a thing." Mr. Gladstone writing of his own boyhood said that his father taught his children to hold their thoughts to a subject till they could reach some sort of conclusion. A frequent question was, "What then, what then?" or "How would that affect others, where will it lead?" Daniel Webster reported almost the same thing of his own home training. Guessing, taking "a stab at," making general statements without good foundation, acting on vague impressions were not allowed. "Intellectual vagueness is a fault easy to form—but it is a habit inimical to the acquirement of will power and of practical power to act." With the training that looks to conclusive thought must go careful teaching about the danger of letting the mind dwell even for its own entertainment, on what the conscience and judgment cannot approve. The Bible says, "Look not on the wine." This command carried into other departments of morality means, "Don't consider, or think of sinful doing," for "thinking affects the mind in subtle and deep going ways." One may teach here that every bit of indulgence in impure thoughts, in planning to cheat, or embezzle, or take revenge, even for the fun of it, is a sure step toward wrongdoing.

As children come to be old enough to judge their own conditions, they can be frankly taught that fatigue tends to affect the feelings and thoughts. Then when they become tired and fretful or discouraged, they may be advised, "Come now, you are tired. Go out and play or take a walk, and try to get your mind rested. Then you can think right." Advice of this kind repeatedly given will help them form the habit of not yielding to the low tone thoughts that come with moods, and of seeking change for the sake of mental refreshment.

Having what is called "a wide range of interests," many things to think about, is good for every one, is absolutely essential for those who entertain the ideal of bridling thought. If a child comes up with a love of good reading, of music, arts, handwork, philanthropic activities, athletics, nature study, travel, and has learned that he ought to divert his thoughts from unprofitable subjects, he is equipped with a means of diversion that makes thought control attractive.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN PARENTS AND CHILDREN.
by J. L. M. Curry, LL. D.

Among many suggestive and interesting things in that clever and readable book, "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," are glimpses of the private life of the great author.

His well-known lasting attachment for his sisters, whose society gave him so much pleasure, was very lovely. Their interest in his literary and political success was but a just reciprocation of his kindness. His expressions of fondness for and reliance upon his sisters are numerous and touching; and one loves to peep behind the curtain, and see the man who has done more than any modern writer for English literature, in the unreserve of cordial intercourse free from the intrusive interruptions of the curious and the selfish.

The devotion of Lord Macaulay to his father was most beautiful; and we are glad to learn more of the worth and scrupulous conscientiousness of Zachary Macaulay, who was the co-labourer of Wilberforce, and elicited such a noble eulogy from Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons. Without deducting "one jot or tittle" from the merits of Zachary Macaulay, may there not be drawn from his life a practical lesson? Between father and son there was a strong regard. During the crisis of the West India Bill, to the earnest remonstrances of his colleagues Macaulay replied: "I cannot go counter to my father. He has devoted his whole life to the question, and I cannot grieve him by giving way when he wishes me to stand firm;" and yet personally there was but scanty sympathy between father and son. Parental pride and love, and filial respect, and reverence, and obedience, were not successful in bringing the two into intimate companionship. The letters to his sisters are full of love, playful confidence, brotherly unreserve, of hopes and fears, of disappointments and successes, but we have no letters between father and son showing like sympathy and communion.

The case of these two distinguished persons is not exceptional. There are not a few families where a like reserve exists between parents and children. Reference is not made to families whose parents are harsh and exacting, and children are disobedient and unlovely, but to families where real love is felt on both sides. Most persons call up instances where parents are ever-indulgent and children are affectionate, but where there is a sad constraint in intercourse, a deplorable lack of familiarity.

On the other hand, in pleasant contrast, are those families in which, while there is no want of deferential respect, the parents are familiar and communicative, and the children easy and unconstrained. Information is given, questions are asked, opinions

Continued on page 30.

How My Wife and I Turn Spare Hours at Home Into Dollars

The remarkable way in which Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Monaghan solved their extra money problem. Every wife, self-supporting girl, and father of a family can now use spare time to make money at home in the same way they did.

By P. J. MONAGHAN

THE years 1916 and 1917 were lean years for the working man in our part of the country, especially if he happened to be the sole support of a large family.

I kept hoping for some way to increase my income, and finally I had an idea. At this time the Red Cross and the St. John's Ambulance Society were appealing for aid in knitting socks for our Canadian Forces overseas.

I had seen the hand-knitting machine advertised, and I thought that if I could get one I could help the Red Cross by knitting socks, and at the same time use the machine to increase my small salary and keep the wolf from the door.

With this idea in mind, I found the address of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company in our local paper and finally sent for an Auto Knitter.

When the machine arrived my wife and I turned to the instruction book, and therein found the answer to all our questions. I was soon able to make splendid socks. I became more and more delighted with myself and the machine.

How I Started Making Money

I now volunteered to knit socks for the soldiers. The St. John's Ambulance Society furnished me with yarn. I knit several pairs of plain socks and was complimented on my work. I felt very gratified, for I was requested to knit more and was to receive twenty cents a pair for the work.

I began to make and sell socks to private customers as well as knitting for the Ambulance Society. In a comparatively short time I had my machine paid for. I was now making $15.00 a week in my spare time. My wife was able to buy clothing and shoes for herself and the children.

This story would be incomplete and convey a very wrong idea if I did not make it plain that I could not have accomplished all I have without the valuable help of my better half, Mrs. Monaghan.

$125 Earned in Spare Time

In about eighteen months from the time I started knitting I had a surplus bank account of $125.00.

Our house at this time consisted of a two roomed shack on a rented lot. I decided now to buy a lot on which to move my shack. I selected a beautiful locality and arranged easy terms of payment, the price being $475.00—$100 cash and the balance $10.00 a month. I kept on using the Auto Knitter steadily in my spare time to add to my income, and in less than a year my property was paid for.

When the overseas demand for socks declined, I noticed that the quality of wool socks sold in the local stores was very inferior. I saw that there would be a good demand for a better article, and I knew I could supply it with my Auto Knitter.

So I bought some of the best wool in the city, manufactured it into socks and exhibited my goods to James Ramsey, Ltd. (one of the largest departmental stores in our city).

They gave me a trial order for three dozen pairs. Within a few hours after delivery I had a telephone call from the hosiery department of Ramsey's store asking me to bring them fifty dozen pairs more! It wasn't possible for me to do this, but the James Ramsey Company took all I could supply them up to the year 1919.

Turned Poverty Into Independence

1920 was my banner year. I now of course had a little capital. Also I knew the demand for a good article. I purchased the best yarn obtainable, getting a substantial discount on a quantity purchase. I worked all summer, knitting this on the Auto Knitter in my spare time, but sold none until October, 1920.

MR. P. J. MONAGHAN.

Then I advertised my goods, also stating that I would make socks to order. Many people brought their own wool. I had to work hard to fill all the orders, even with the supply I had on hand. People from all over the city, including the Mayor and the Attorney General of the Province, came to purchase my socks. My advertising brought in orders from Calgary, Red Deer, Wetaskiwin and Fort Saskatchewan.

I made, one evening after work that winter, $7.50 on the Auto Knitter, but you may infer that I did not retire very early.

After all the thousands of pairs of socks we have made, our Auto Knitter is as good as the day we received it, and it has never cost one cent for repairs.

Made New Home Possible

Last February we purchased a beautiful nine room house, as shown in the photograph, and had it moved to our lot. In our new house we arranged a work room where we can use the Auto Knitter. This house and lot, which is a real home, is now worth about five thousand dollars. What part the Auto Knitter has played in this splendid evolution it is difficult to figure precisely, as separate accounts were not kept.

This much I can vouch for, however. During the months of October, November and December, 1920, my bank account increased $700.00, and many days my wife took in $45 for socks sold. Of course this was covering the previous summer's work.

This is the Monaghans' New Home, Which the Auto Knitter Helped to Make Possible

The Auto Knitter was kept going every spare moment I had. I verily believe that if we had not had it we would have had to appeal to the Sunshine Society or other charitable organization for help when times were the hardest with us. I am also sure that, but for the Auto Knitter, we should be tenants of a two roomed shack on a rented lot.

I wish that I might be able to place an Auto Knitter in every home, especially where there is a large family. I believe that the gap between poverty and independence would be bridged in every case where there is industry and good management.

The man or woman who is ambitious, and wishes to improve his or her circumstances, can in no way employ their spare time better than in knitting socks on an Auto Knitter, either under the company's Work Contract or for their own local trade. It will bring comfort and even luxury to the home and be the means of bringing joy and happiness to the family.

P. J. Monaghan, Alberta.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Monaghan, whose experience with the Auto Knitter you have just read, have been very enterprising and energetic in using their machine to advance themselves and improve their circumstances. Mr. Monaghan was fortunate in being able to find a good local market for all the socks he could turn out, so he preferred not to take advantage of the Work Contract we sign with every purchaser of an Auto Knitter.

A Market for Every Salable Sock Guaranteed

This contract obligates us to accept and pay for every pair of socks sent us by an Auto Knitter owner—when made according to our standard directions. Hundreds and hundreds of Auto Knitter workers take advantage of this guaranteed market, and send us their entire output without trying to sell socks to local customers—although they are in no way bound to do so.

They simply send us the socks they knit and we send them back checks in payment for their work, at a guaranteed fixed rate per pair. We also replace each time the amount of yarn used in the socks received.

You can work for us as much or as little as you please—but for every shipment of socks, small or large, you receive your pay check promptly.

The Auto Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it, a supply of yarn, and a complete instruction book that makes everything plain, as Mr. Monaghan has stated in his letter above.

Write Today for Our Liberal Offer

If you can use extra money—and most women can in these times—you will want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to Mrs. Monaghan's home and thousands of others all over Canada, England, and the United States. Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experiences of some of the thousands of other Auto Knitter workers. Find out about the pleasant and profitable money making occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a small number of your spare hours will earn for you. Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you do not need to know how to knit.

Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are possible for you. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 732, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Canada.

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The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.

Dept. 732, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Canada.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . *Prov.* . . . . . .

Mothers' Section

Continued from page 28

are interchanged, current topics are discussed with the utmost freedom, and home has all the attractions with which poetry invests that sacred place.

The most valued recreation and greatest luxury of Sydney Smith is said to have been to keep his wife and daughters laughing for two or three hours every day. Not a few homes can be recalled where this hilarity may not have obtained, but where father, mother, sons, and daughters lived in sweetest confidence, where sons had few "secrets" from the father, and to the mother the daughters went first, and without embarrassment to talk over everything that concerned present plans or future prospects. Parental government existed in fullest justice and impartiality, but was so tempered by prudence and love that squeamish modesty, or false bashfulness, interested in each other's welfare and happiness.

Are not children, in such families, better educated, more intelligently guided, more wisely disciplined? "May not religion be there a household joy, an enveloping accompaniment like the atmosphere? Where such mutual sympathy and loving companionship exist, are not children the sooner taught self-reliance and individual responsibility, and the better fitted for life's duties and trials?"

Economy

"Any old shoes thrown at the wedding last night?"

"No; the people were saving them for farm work."

"Any rice?"

"What! With foodstuffs so high?"

"Confetti, then?"

"Say! I guess you don't know how paper has gone up."

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FRESH AIR AGAIN

We occasionally hear some one protest aganist the "nagging" of a "fresh-air fiend." If there is any subject on which nagging is excusable, it is the importance of plenty of fresh air. Thousands of people will give the most cordial assent to all that is said in favor of pure air in the house, and yet pull the windows down whenever they find them open. The preachers of hygiene have made fresh air fashionable and popular, but they have not yet succeeded in overcoming the native tendency to fustiness in a vast number of people.

There are two fatal diseases—tuberculosis and pneumonia—that are really "house diseases." They destroy thousands of lives every year, and cost the community millions of dollars, chiefly because there are not enough "fresh-air fiends" to insist on the clean air in which such diseases cannot flourish. By the by, when the nagging has accomplished its purpose, these two scourges will be got under control. But that time will not come until we have good air all the time, in shops and schools and places of amusement, and in public conveyances, and, above all, in every bedroom every night of the year.

To-day, in spite of much excellent legislation on the subject, it is at the risk of health and perhaps of life, that we take a train, or ride in a street car, or go into a public hall, especially in the winter months. The average railway car, with its vestibuled platform, its tight doors and windows, and its fierce steam heat is an excellent incubator of of disease. The street car is a little better, because, even with the worst intention on the part of the occupants the air blows through it at intervals.

Those who would like to breathe good air all the time, are often forced by circumstances to do without it in the daytime, but they can at least have all they want at night. It is during the hours of sleep that nature repairs the waste of the day's work, but she cannot do good work under bad conditions, and she never does good work in bad air. Keep your bedroom windows wide open all the time, and you will have done your share.

An affection that is not at all uncommon and that is serious, not only because of the pain and the discomfort that it causes, but also because it may lead to very grave trouble in the future, is ulcer of the stomach. The disease more frequently attacks girls and young women than it attacks men, and is comparatively rare in persons beyond middle age.

The chief symptom is pain that comes on and after eating, either immediately or within an hour or so, and lasts until digestion is completed and the stomach is empty again. The pain is of a burning or gnawing character; the patient feels it over the stomach and sometimes at a localized point in the back—usually at the left of the spinal column. At first the pain is little more than a heartburn, such as everyone experiences now and then, but it recurs every time the person eats anything, and grows worse and worse. It is less severe when the patient takes bland liquid food, and it may disappear if he lies down or changes position so that the contents of the stomach fall away from the ulcerated part.

After the disease has lasted a certain time, bleeding is likely to occur, and if it is in large quantity the patient will vomit blood; in many cases the hemorrhage is small in amount but recurs at such frequent intervals that the patient becomes pale and anaemic and loses strength. He may maintain his appetite, but will eat little through fear of the suffering that is sure to follow. Constipation is almost always present—indeed many physicians believe that that condition is one of the prime causes of ulcer of the stomach.

Sometimes there are no symptoms that point to stomach trouble—the patient merely becomes pale and weak without evident cause—and the first definite symptom is furnished by perforation of the stomach wall at the site of the ulcer with escape of the stomach contents into the abdominal cavity. In that case acute peritonitis follows, and will almost surely be fatal unless an operation is performed at once.

The symptoms are most severe; sharp pain in the abdomen and great depression of the vital forces, manifested by a fall in body temperature, weak pulse, rapid and shallow breathing, and a profuse cold sweat. Fortunately, perforation is not common.

In the treatment of uncomplicated stomach ulcer the main thing is to give rest to the patient and to the ulcer. Confinement in bed for two or three weeks meets the first condition; fasting for two or three days meets the second. The physician then begins to feed the patient cautiously—sometimes at first by injections. Next he gives a teaspoonful of milk at a time, and gradually increases the quantity; then he allows the patient to have broths, chopped chicken or beef, and eggs, until finally he restores the full diet. The patient needs to be kept under observation, however, for several weeks after apparent recovery.

SQUIRRELS OR FOOLS

Familiar phrases are often the inventions of chance, and chance sometimes plays amusing tricks. The Washington Star says that this is the way in which the well-known expression, "The woods are full of them," originated.:

A very deaf old man was shooting squirrels in the woods near Wiscasset, Me., when a stranger happened along.

"Which is the road to Wiscasset?" asked the stranger.

The deaf old man failing to understand, replied:

"Thar's one—thar's a squirrel—sittin' up there on the tree! See him?"

"I didn't ask you about the squirrels," said the stranger impatiently. "I asked you which was the way to Wiscasset?"

"Yep," said the old man, "thar's another too, jest a-peekin' outer that knot-hole."

Then the stranger lost his patience. "You're a fool!" he cried.

The huntsman gazed into the trees; then he looked innocently at the stranger. "Yep," he said complacently, "the woods are full of them,"

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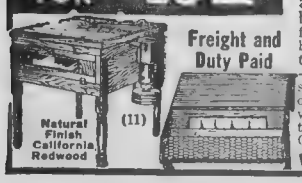

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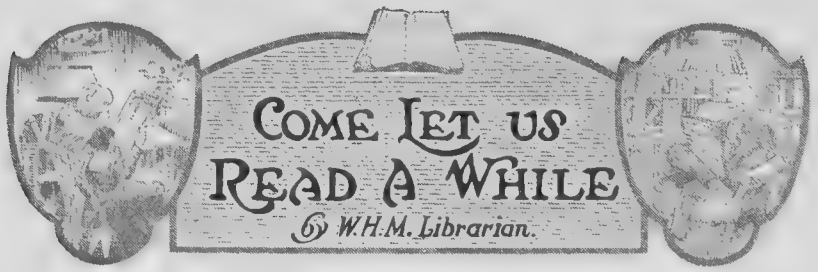

Writing, as I do, an entire month ahead of publication, I did not realize that last time I should have prefaced my remarks with "A Happy New Year" to all my readers. Now I am a month late! But it is never too late, is it, to wish one another happiness. So here's my toast "A Happy New Year to all the readers of The Western Home Monthly, and may they have many many hours of pleasure, of comfort and of helpfulness from the books they read during 1922."

Talking of 1922, makes me express the hope that a great number of readers interested in books will write to me during the year, so that I may have a better understanding of the types of books my western audience is most interested in. The number of new publications is so large that each month I can but make a selection of those I think will have the greatest appeal. After all, this should not be a very difficult task. Whether one lives in a huge, crowded city, in a medium-sized town, or on a farm many miles from a railway, makes little difference to one's taste in reading matter. Some of the most adventurous, exciting stories have been written by men living in quiet little hamlets. And as often as not, authors dwelling in noisy, smoky, built-up cities prefer to write idylls of the country-side. So it would seem that our physical environment never sets the boundary for the spiritual and mental part of our make-up. Is it not the same with readers of books. We all have our moods, and each mood desires a certain type of book. This month I will try to match each mood with an interesting book; and then some one is sure to be pleased!

If You Wish For Excitement

—then do not fail to read "Martin Conisby's Vengeance" by Jeffery Farnol. It is published in Toronto by the Ryerson Press and although a sequel to an earlier novel is in itself quite complete. There is enough excitement in this story to keep a youth engrossed for hours, and I have heard of several women—serious-minded women if you please—who could not go to bed until they had finished this wild adventure of Martin Conisby! Blood and thunder, the Spanish Inquisition, a wild, wild woman in man's clothing, terrors, horrors, miles and miles of travelling, hair-breadth escapes and in the end, marriage!

If You're Seeking Romance

I can recommend most heartily "Her Father's Daughter" by Gene Stratton Porter, and "The Flaming Forest" by James Oliver Curwood." The reason why I have coupled these books is simply because one usually thinks of Gene Stratton Porter as a writer for women and James Oliver Curwood as a writer for men. Of course these generalizations have always their exceptions. I, for instance, enjoy a Curwood novel as much as any man. Possibly there are men who are keen readers of the Porter books. Still, I think for the great mass, it is true to say that Curwood writes the romances that men enjoy and Gene Stratton Porter delights a huge concourse of women and 'teen age girls. A few words about each of these romances. Ladies first! "Her Father's Daughter" published in Toronto by S. B. Gundy is a delightful story of a very original girl who carves out her own path in life and follows it, despite all obstacles, until she reaches the great goal—true love.

Turning now to "The Flaming Forest" published by the Copp Clark Company we find of course that Mr. Curwood has chosen a Mountie for his hero, and an exquisite French-Canadian girl for his heroine. At the beginning there is nothing romantic in this story for the hero David Carrigan. He is shot by an unknown, unseen enemy and quite badly injured. But from the moment he regains consciousness, romance comes to live with him and keeps us enthralled till the end of the tale.

If You Love Poetry

There are several new volumes of poetry by noted Canadian Poets, lately released from the publishers. McClelland and Stewart of Toronto have brought out three most interesting volumes of poetry this Christmastide. They are "Later Poems" by Bliss Carman, "Beauty and Life" by Duncan Campbell Scott, and "My Pocket Beryl" by Mary Josephine Benson. These three volumes are most pleasing additions to the Canadian shelf of poetry and if you are at all a lover of verse, you are bound to find great delight in any one or all three of these new publications. I am at present reading with great pleasure Bliss Carman's "Later Poems." We in Winnipeg had the good fortune to hear this noted poet read many of his poems just a little while before Christmas. The charm of his personality will remain as long as memory lasts and as I turn the pages of his book, I find that for me at least his poems have become greatly enriched by recollection of the poet himself. It stands to reason that the poet's own interpretation of his poetry must give us a greater insight into the spiritual significance of his work. However there is this great charm about Bliss Carman's poetry, it is easy for all to understand for he sings for all lovers of nature, for all who love simplicity, and for those whose hearts are still young despite many years of disillusionments, sorrows, and disappointments.

If You Want To Laugh

—be sure to read "The Ways of Laughter" by Harold Begbie, and published in Toronto, by F. D. Goodchild. This is a most jovial and gay little story of a very amusing old gentlemen who interferes to such an extent in the lives of his friends that he causes a heap of trouble. Perhaps it is not quite fair to you, if I leave you with the impression that this is wholly an amusing story. It is very funny, and it is very witty, but it is also a little sad in the end. But isn't that just like life? Do not tears so often follow upon laughter? "The Ways of Laughter" Mr. Begbie has called his book. And no other title could have better expressed the nature of his story. We joke, and laugh and make light of things and then all of a sudden we find ourselves face to face with grief and the tears gush forth." A lovely lyric comes to mind as I write about this book. Perhaps you know it. It is called "April" and was written by one of the greatest of living English poets William Watson.

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then a moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!

Do not these lines picture life? They certainly apply very well to Harold Begbie's "Ways of Laughter."

If You Desire Information

If you are among the folks who read for mental profit as well as for pleasure I can tell you of several very important, new publications that are as informative as they are interesting. Agnes Laut has written a book touching upon every phrase of Canadian national life. It is entitled "Canada at the Cross Roads" and is published by the MacMillans of Canada. Agnes Laut although now living in New York is a well-known and most successful Canadian journalist and book writer. "The Drama of the Forests" by the Canadian author-artist Arthur Heming is a most fascinating volume, beautifully illustrated and telling a thousand and one things about the Indians with whom Arthur Heming has lived for thirty-five years. This is a book that the stay-at-home who longs to go forth on adventures, will revel in. It is published by S. B. Gundy of Toronto. Then one must not forget "The Masques of Ottawa" a clever volume of sketches of Canadian men in public life. No one but the publishers (The MacMillan Co) know who the author of this book is. Perhaps it is just as well that he hides behind the quaint pen-name of "Domino" because he has been so very very frank in his discussion of the characters, abilities and worth of men who are busy at Ottawa today!

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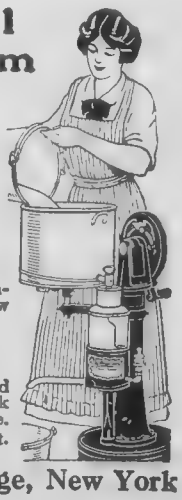

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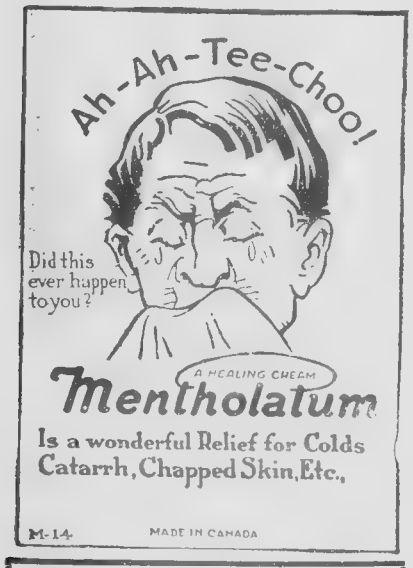

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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Although many of the new frocks show fitted waistlines and full skirts, many women are loathe to give up the comfort of the one-piece straight line dresses.

With few exceptions, the new skirts are longer than those of last season; six inches from the ground will soon be a smart length.

Scalloped hems are preparing to take the place of the uneven hem lines.

Three piece costumes are popular, especially those with capes, which promise to continue in favor for the Spring season.

The simplicity of the boat neck has made blouses and dresses with that finish very popular, but the new "coleen" and Bromley collars are also much in vogue.

Velvet is so flatteringly becoming that women find this material irresistible for dresses as well as for wraps.

Perhaps the most popular material of the season has been Canton crepe. It has proven serviceable and suitable for most all prevailing styles.

Fuchsia is a popular shade for evening dresses. Gray and brown and blue always are good colors for street and afternoon wear.

Bouffant frocks of taffeta are shown for youthful figures.

The vogue for "knickers" has inspired some very attractive costumes and suits. Noticeable among them are one piece styles on chemise lines with close fitting long sleeves and pockets. Long sleeves lead, though shorter sleeves are permissible.

Some new dresses are bloused low to show a definite division of waist and skirt.

Fancy braids, georgette appliques in color, padded motifs and ribbon trimmings are seen.

Cascade forming soft plaits are attractive on dresses of crepe weaves.

A very pleasing youthful frock of porcelaine blue crepe has a vestee of orange with self embroidery.

White Canton crepe with pipings of dull yellow and red is smart for a straight line dress.

High colored camels hair cloth top coats in short length, are worn with separate tweed skirts.

Coats and capes too, are now trimmed elaborately, but suits show more of the decorative feature, in the use of narrow braids and touches of color in pipings. A suit of navy blue kasha cloth or twill may have applied straps of gray or navy.

Waist coats and gilets are being worn with tuxedo style suit coat

Satin jackets are worn with skirts of broad cloth.

The wide sleeve seems growing in favor.

Many a coat of this season shows flaring skirt sections and a choker collar.

Muffs are beginning to reappear.

A great amount of Paisley is seen, as bands on frocks, hats and blouses.

There are many ribbon and braid trimmed dresses; Cire braid is most favored.

A touch of red on a black or blue dress is quite novel.

In blouses, there are colored batistes, crepe surfaced fibre, silks and other knitted fabrics.

On blouses for suits, much "spiral" work is noticeable as is also the waist coat and vest effect. In waists or blouses of cotton, mauve and yellow predominate. Many blouses are shown in batiste or voile, with gingham or zephyr for trimming.

The new skating suits are especially interesting because they show the "knicker" features. The coats are as long as they can be without discomfort to the wearer, or a cape may be worn with such a suit. Tweed and knitted fabrics are the accepted materials.

Bloomers or pantellettes will no longer stamp a little girl's dress as a playtime frock, for though bloomers are fine for day time and play time, one sees them now on party frocks, much betrimmed with ruffles and frills, hanging in full view below the skirt. Not only does the little girl have such a costume, one sees the style in bright colored taffeta for girls up to fourteen years.

For party wear, net in plain dotted or figured effects is fashionable; worn over a slip of silk, lace or ribbon held by tiny rosebuds.

A very pleasing dance frock for matron or maid is fashioned from gray faille, with trimming of rows of petals cut from the material.

Caramel brown duvetyne is fine for a cape or cape dress.

The girl who likes sports may choose a dress of novelty wool material with fur collar and cuffs on the fitted waist and bands of broad cloth on the full skirt, or she may have a long waisted semi-fitted frock of dark velvet with trimming of squirrel fur.

Beige and navy checked velours combined with dark blue satin made a smart day dress.

A dress of dark green prunella is trimmed with fancy black braid and a novelty girdle of braid and red enamel.

Henna velvet and taupe duvetyne are a good combination for an afternoon dress.

Dark green chiffon broad cloth will be attractive with bands of black moire.

On a dance frock of green crepe satin one could apply black velvet flowers ornamented with steel beads.

Light taupe crepe was chosen for a dress which is piped with coral velvet.

Plain blue taffeta and brocaded silk in shades of blue, green and purple make a beautiful dress with wide fichu collar of the taffeta on the long waisted bodice.

Hyacinth blue crepe is pretty with bands of brocaded silk.

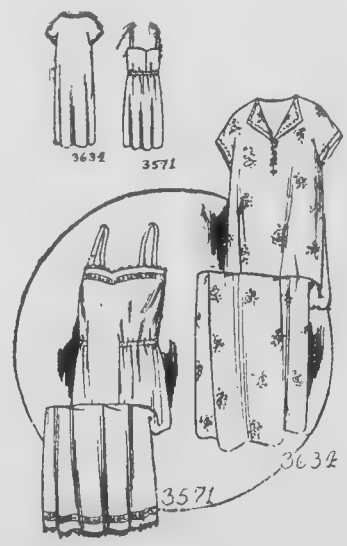
Brown broad cloth is nice for a dress, trimmed with fancy brown braid.

Soft wool velours or duvetyn in green is fine for a winter suit trimmed with wide fancy braid.

A new development of the wide skirt shows the lower part attached to a scant yoke, and a trimming of graduated folds of contrasting material.

Long coat effects are new in blouses.

A smart blouse in tunic style is made of paisley and plain georgette.



A model of good taste. 3851. Here is a sleeveless model that is pleasing and practical. The armscye lines are cut high. The sleeves are joined to a guimpe. For slender or mature figures this design is most suitable. Velveteen is here shown with a decoration of simple stitchery. Serge or duvetyn will also be good for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4¾ yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2⅛ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Just the right dress for the growing girl. 3858. Youth and grace are pictured in the lines of this frock. It lends itself to pleasing developments in crepe weaves, serge, taffeta, and wash materials. In crepe de chine, a touch of embroidery and a ribbon sash, will make this a nice frock for party or dance. In jersey or charmeuse, a very attractive afternoon dress may be evolved. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 3 yards of 38 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A dainty frock for mother's girl. 3856. Simplicity combined with the latest style features is pictured here. This model is pretty for net, embroidered voile, crepe de chine and taffeta. The skirt is mounted on a body lining, and the waist is finished separately. Combinations of silk and serge, plaid and plain materials are nice for this. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 3½ yards of 32 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A dainty frock. 3861. Just the right dress in which to dance or romp. It will bring joy to the heart of the wearer. In voile or crepe de chine it will make a fine "party" frock. In serviceable gingham or percale it will be nice for school or play time. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Continued on page 35

How I Added $25 a Week to the Family Income

The story of a mother of two children who became "the best-dressed woman in town" and surprised her husband by her business intuition

By MARJORIE JANE DILLINGHAM

MY husband and I were married ten years ago. Jack was 21. I was 18. Jack sometimes says he doesn't remember the day. But I know he does. It was the 18th of November, 1911.

For a year we were gloriously happy. Jack wasn't earning a large salary—only $30 a week—but in those days that was enough to keep the two of us in a small but comfortable home. Then came the first baby—a cuddly little youngster that we named Dorothy—after my mother.

I had never been a particularly strong girl and for some months after the baby came I was under the doctor's care. Jack had saved a few hundred dollars, but it soon melted away under the rain of bills.

And then—I hate to admit it now—but I began to feel that Jack didn't care for me as much as he used to. Perhaps it was because the cares of motherhood had taken some of the bloom out of my cheeks. Or, perhaps, because I felt we didn't have the money to enable me to primp up as much as in the first years of our marriage.

Sometimes I cried myself to sleep just thinking about it. And, as you might well imagine, that only made matters worse.

What worried me the most was that Jack didn't talk things over with me the way he used to. I knew he was worried about making both ends meet—particularly after little Bobbie came into the world in 1914. Goodness knows, I tried hard to save a little out of my allowance. But you know how prices began to soar a few years ago. And I was always so opposed to going into debt.

THEN one night just about a year ago—it seems almost providential when I think back upon it—I did the simple little thing that was to change my entire life.

And here's how it came about:—

I was reading over the pages of a magazine when I came across the story of a woman just like myself. She was just the average woman—a woman just like you and me.

In my mind's eye I could see my life reflected in hers—I pictured her home as being just like mine—her husband just like Jack—her children and her problems just like mine.

The story told how this woman had been just as discouraged as I was and how she had learned at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make for herself at great savings just the kind of pretty and becoming clothes she had always wanted and had earned money sewing for others.

It seemed almost too good to be true, but I decided to find out about it, anyway. So I wrote the Institute. The information I received by return mail was so interesting that I became a member at once and took up Dressmaking.

I didn't say anything to Jack at first, for I wanted to surprise him. And surprise him I did when one night after dinner I slipped into a smart and especially attractive dress and walked into the parlor to greet some friends who had dropped in to see us.

They could hardly believe that I had made such a pretty dress myself. And when I showed them all the other pretty things I had made, they were the most surprised people you ever saw.

And right away one of them wanted me to make just such a dress for her!

After they had gone, Jack put his arm around me as he used to do in the old days and asked me again how it happened.

And then I told him all about the Woman's Institute, and how right at home in my spare time, I had learned to make more and prettier clothes than I had ever had, and at a saving of one-half to two-thirds of what I formerly paid.

AND then I told Jack that I was sure I could do sewing for other people and add $20 to $25 a week to his salary. Jack was skeptical at first, as any man might have been, but at last he agreed to let me try.

My first order was for a soft silk dress with the daintiest little hand stitching on the collar, cuffs, waist line and hem.

The fact that I designed my own patterns astonished my customers and it went over town like wildfire.

Soon the work came in faster than I could handle it and I was steadily increasing my prices as I gained confidence in my work.

I made almost every type of dress for women, from chambray to velvet, and for all types and figures. I altered ready-made garments and did remodeling for women and children. I made children's dresses, smocks and rompers. I had been sewing less than two months when I had to advertise for a helper.

The best part of it all is that my lessons and my sewing do not interfere with my home work at all. My customers tell me they don't see how I can keep my house and family looking so clean and neat and find time to do sewing. I can tell them that it is easy enough when you know the right way to sew.

Today I am making $25 to $30 a week sewing for others in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes. My husband is as proud as he can be of what he calls my "business intuition," but best of all is the fact that we are now such good pals. We talk over everything together. I really believe he loves me more than when we were married.

The other day I heard him tell some friends of ours that he considered me "the best-dressed woman in town." I don't think one of the old love-letters could have thrilled me more than that. For I know he meant it.

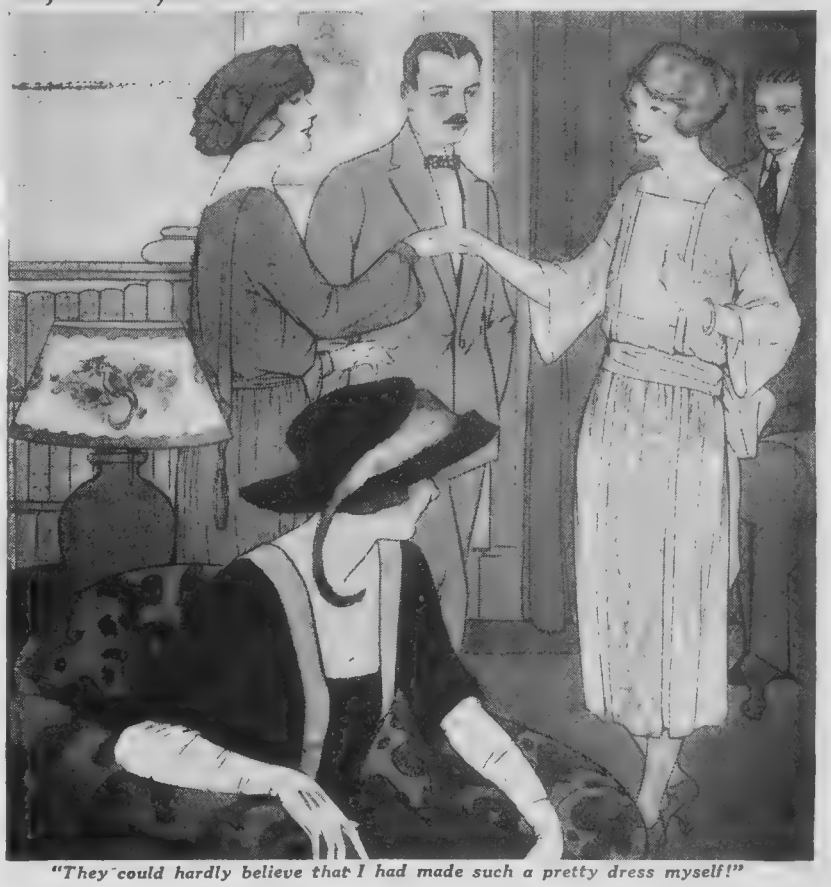
I am telling you all this because I am just the average woman. What I have done, with the help of the Woman's Institute, I know you can do, too.

For among the 125,000 members are housewives, mothers, business women, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices—all learning dressmaking or millinery right in their own homes just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

IT makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy much of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

Through this new method, you learn how to make all stitches and seams; design patterns; use tissue-paper patterns; judge, select, buy and use materials; make simple, practical waists, skirts and dresses, perfect-fitting underwear and lingerie, dainty infants', children's and misses' clothing, afternoon coats, suits and dresses, evening gowns and wraps, tailored coats, skirts and complete suits; renovate, dye and make over garments; how to embroider, etc.

Every step is not only fully explained in words, but is actually shown by means of more than 2000 illustrations—so that it is practically impossible to make mistakes.



"They could hardly believe that I had made such a pretty dress myself!"

You learn the secrets of distinctive dress—how to design and create original dresses, how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines, or how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

YOU will also learn just the things you need to know about silk, woolen, linen, and cotton fabrics and their combinations; how to judge their quality, durability, and value; how to make the professional tests that prove whether fabrics are as represented; how to detect shoddy, false surfacing; how to test dyed fabrics for durability of color; how to judge mercerized fabrics; how to know real linen from processed linen.

The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students, with absolutely no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

Wouldn't you, too, like to have more and prettier clothes? Wouldn't you like to save money for your husband? Wouldn't you like to contribute $25 a week to the family income? I know you would. It is the wish of every woman. You can do it through the Woman's Institute.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession. Write a letter or postal or send the convenient coupon today to the Woman's Institute, Dept 16-B, Scranton, Penna., and a copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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Address.....

Better Cookery

GERTRUDE DUTTON
Supt. of Home Economics Man. Extension Dept

"FILL UP THE EMPTY JARS."

By February or March, our stock of preserves, jams and jellies has become rather depleted, and the family clamours for "something different." At this time of the year we find on the market several fruits which are not prohibitive in price, and as the Christmas rush is over, we enjoy making a goodly supply of marmalades and conserves.

(Abbreviations—"t," teaspoon; "tb," tablespoon; "c," cup.)

Apple Marmalade—

Finely chopped apples—6 lbs.
Rind and juice of lemons—6
Preserved ginger—1½ oz.
Sugar—6lbs. Water—3 c.

Pare and core tart, juicy apples before weighing. Boil the sugar and water for 3 minutes, then add the grated rind and juice of the lemons, chopped ginger, and apples. Cook slowly till the fruit is clear.

Cranberry Conserve—

Cranberries—1 qt. Oranges—3.
Water to float Cranberries. Sugar—
Raisins—1 c.

Wash and pick over the cranberries. Cook in enough water to float them, to a mush. Add the oranges, finely shredded, or put through a meat chopper. Measure, and add an equal quantity of sugar. Simmer till thick. Shortly before removing from the fire, add a cup of seeded raisins, cut in pieces. Put in sterilized jars and seal with paraffiné.

Cranberry Conserve— 2

Cranberries—4 c. Orange—1.
Seeded Raisins—1 c. Sugar—3 c.
Broken walnut meats—1 c.

Cut the cranberries in halves and wash in a strainer to remove as many seeds as possible. Chop the raisins and orange —(pulp and rind). Add the cranberries and the sugar and cook till thick (about 30 minutes). Add the walnuts and cook 5 minutes longer.

Cranberry Raisin Marmalade—

Seeded raisins—3 c. Water—3 c.
Cranberries—3 c. Sugar—1½ c.
Salt—1 t.

Chop the raisins and add the cranberries water, sugar and salt. Cook slowly till thick—(about 45 minutes). Pour in sterilized glasses.

Oriental Marmalade—

Dried Apricots—2 c.
Dried Figs—1 c. Seeded Raisins—2 c.
Dates—1 c. Cold water—4 c.
Lemons—2. Brown Sugar—1½ c.

Cut the apricots, figs, dates and raisins in pieces. Cover with cold water and soak overnight. Add the sugar and the juice of the lemons, and cook slowly till thick, (about 40 minutes). Seal in sterilized jars.

Pineapple Marmalade—

Grated Pineapple—2 cans. Lemons—3
Sugar, 3 c. Raisins—3 c.

Cook the pineapple, sugar, grated rind, and juice of the lemons till thick, (about 40 minutes). Add the raisins. Cook 10 minutes longer. Pour in sterilized glasses and seal with paraffine.

Cranberry Relish—

Cranberries—3 c. Seeded Raisins—3 c.
Oranges—3. Vinegar—¾ c.
Brown sugar, 3 c. Cloves—¾ t.
Cinnamon—¾ t.

Cut the cranberries in halves and wash in a strainer to remove as many seeds as possible. Drain, and add orange pulp and rind, sugar, raisins and vinegar. Cook slowly till thick (about 15 minutes). Add spices and cook 5 minutes. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal with paraffine.

Prune & Raisin Conserve—

Prunes—1 c. Vinegar—⅓ c.
Raisins—1 c. Cinnamon—1 t.
Cold Water—2 c. Cloves—½ t.
Brown Sugar—1 c. Allspice—½ t.
Blanched Chopped Almonds—½c.

Soak the prunes and raisins overnight in the cold water. In the morning cook in the same water until the prunes are soft. Pit the prunes, and cut them in pieces. Add the sugar, vinegar and spices. Cook till thick, (about 45 minutes). Add the almonds and cook 5 minutes longer. Seal in sterilized glasses.

Raisin Peach Conserve—

Dried Peaches—3 c. Seeded Raisins 3c.
Water—3 c. Seeded Sugar—3 c.
Chopped Blanched Almonds—1½ c.

Cut the peaches in small pieces. Cover with cold water and soak overnight. Add the raisins and sugar and cook till thick, (about 30 minutes). Add the almonds and cook 5 minutes longer. Seal with paraffine in sterilized glasses.

Raisin & Fig Conserve—

Dried figs—3c. Grated rind —1 Orange
Water—3c. Lemon juice—½ c.
Sugar—1 c. Seeded Raisins—3 c.
Orange juice—½ c. Broken Walnut meats

Chop the figs—soak in the cold water overnight. Add the sugar, orange juice and rind, lemon juice and raisins, and cook slowly till thick, (about 1 hour). Add the nut meats and cook five minutes more. Seal in sterilized glasses.

Orange Marmalade—

Oranges—1 doz. Lemons—½ doz.
Water—8 qts. Sugar—

Slice the fruit very thinly with a sharp knife. Cover with the water and let stand 24 hours. Boil 15 minutes. Let stand another 24 hours. To every pint of the mixture, add one pint of granulated sugar. Boil from 20 to 30 minutes. Seal in sterilized glasses.

Grapefruit Marmalade—

Grapefruit—6. Lemons—3.
Water—8 qts. Sugar—

Slice, and follow the directions for Orange Maramalade.

BEEF TONGUE USES

To Cook Corned Tongues

Take the tongue from the brine, rinse it off and put in a kettle with enough cold water to cover. Heat slowly to boiling, boil hard for about five minutes, remove the scum, cover closely and simmer gently until tender. If it is intended to serve cold, it will be much more juicy if allowed to cool in the liquid in which it was cooked. Skin when partially cool.

Boiled Tongue

Wash, trim out the roots and skewer into good shape a fresh beef tongue. Cover it with boiling salted water, boil hard for five minutes, then simmer steadily until tender. An onion, a clove of garlic, a bay leaf and a few whole spices or a few of the soup vegetable, as carrot, turnip, tomatoes, celery, onion and parsley may be added to the water, if desired. Remove the skin when the tongue is done and serve the meat either hot or cold. If it is to be served hot, a sauce is not essential, but a white or tomato sauce is very nice with it. Sometimes it is served on a bed of spinach with a sauce piquante. If the tongue is to be served cold, return it after it has been skinned to the water in which it was boiled and let it remain there until cold. Slice it very thin for serving and serve with pickles, mustard or salad dressing.

Smoked Tongue

If possible get half a dozen or more nice beef tongues at a time, or buy the number desired within as short a time as possible, that they may all be in the brine about the same length of time. Trim out the roots and put a strong twine in the thin end near the tip for hanging them. Wash thoroughly and corn as directed above. Keep them in the brine from ten days to two or three weeks, taking care if the weather turns warm not to leave them in the brine long enough to spoil. When they have been corned sufficiently long take them from the brine, drain well and give them to your butcher to smoke. He will usually do this without extra charge. After they have been smoked they will keep almost indefinitely and they are particularly nice to have on hand. Wrap each one separately in a muslin or brown paper bag and hang in a cool, dry place.

When the cooked tongue is wanted, scrub it and put into a kettle with cold water to cover. If it is very dry soak for several hours or over night. Cover closely, heat to boiling, boil up well, then simmer steadily about four hours or until tender. Cool in the liquid in which it was boiled and skin when partially cool.

Breaded Tongue

Cut cold boiled fresh or corned tongue into slices about half an inch thick. Egg and bread-crumb them and saute in butter. Saute an equal number of rounds of bread cut about the same size and lay each piece of tongue upon a round of bread. Pour around a tomato sauce or a sauce made as follows: Add a little butter, if needed, to that in the pan in which both tongue and bread were fried. Put in a rounding tablespoon of flour and stir until brown, then add a cup of stock, a teaspoon of finely minced parsley, a teaspoon of lemon juice and a tablespoon of chopped pickles.

Tongue Sandwiches

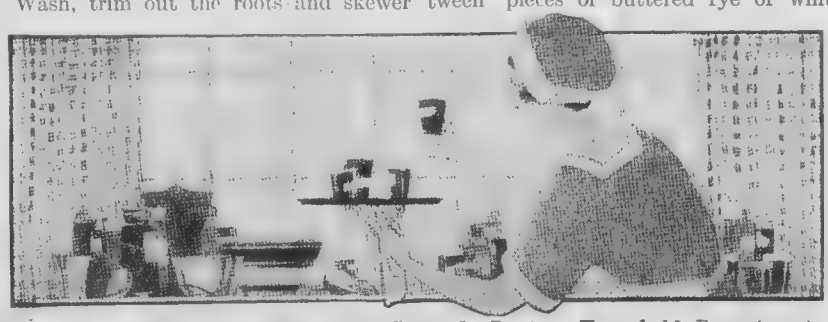
Smoked tongue makes delicious sandwiches, if sliced very thinly and put between pieces of buttered rye or white bread. Mustard may be used with them if liked.

Or make a sandwich paste by forcing the tongue through a meat chopper several times, then mix to a paste with salad dressing and season highly.

For canapes cut the bread into rounds with a small biscuit cutter, saute in butter and cool. Spread with tongue sandwich paste and arrange on top in circles alternate rows of the whites and yolks of hard-cooked egg chopped fine with finely chopped pickle in the centre.

Baked Tongue

Boil a fresh tongue in salted water until tender. Add to the water, if liked, a few sprigs each of parsley and celery and an onion. Take from the water, remove the skin and return to the water. About an hour before serving, place it in a deep pan, pour over tomato sauce, cover closely and bake in a moderate oven, turning in half an hour.



Address your cookery problems to Gertrude Dutton, Household Department. For personal reply enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SALADS

Sardine Salad—Drain the oil from a small box of sardines, laying them afterwards on brown paper, so that no trace may remain of the oil in which they are preserved. Remove the skin and bones and pour a little lemon juice over them Lay them on a bed of lettuce, pour a plain dressing over them, and garnish flower, cut in pieces and cover with a French or Mayonnaise Dressing. A little parsley, boiled beets, carrots or tomatoes can be added if desired, and also cold tongue or other meat.

Celery Salad—Wash and dry half a dozen heads of celery. Cut with shears into a salad bowl. Mix the yolk of one egg, 1 teaspoon mustard, a little salt and pepper and the juice of 2 lemons with 2 tablespoons water. Stir well together, drop over it 3 ounces of salad oil, add a spoon of hot water and pour over the celery.

Spinach Salad—Take cold boiled spinach, mince fine, cover with dressing, and garnish with sliced hard-boiled eggs. Goes well with roast beef, mutton or game.

Cold Slaw—Prepare half the quantity of boiled dressing. (See Dressings). While hot pour over 1 quart shaved cabbage, cover closely; set away till cold. Red cabbage may also be used.

Nut Salad—Mix together 1 quart shredded lettuce and 2 cups chopped nuts; dress with a little mayonnaise dressing, arrange in fresh lettuce, and garnish with more mayonnaise.

Apple Salad—Half pound walnuts and 6 good sized apples, chopped fine.

SALAD DRESSINGS

Boiled Dressing—3 beaten eggs, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 dashes cayenne, 2 tablespoons olive oil or melted butter, ½ cup vinegar. Cook in double boiler until thick as custard. Strain and keep in cold place.

Salad Dressing (Not Boiled)—2 eggs, 8 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons mixed custard, ¼ tablespoon salt, pinch red pepper, piece of butter. Add whipped cream and sugar to taste.

CAKES

Sponge Cake—Six eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately), 3 cups sugar, 1 cup cold water, 4 cups (scant) flour. Flavor to taste. Beat sugar and eggs together for about 15 minutes. Bake in slow oven.

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

If you're tired of the same old things

SOMEONE remarked to me at the tea table that she was tired of canned fruits and did not know how to give them an original touch. I was sure I could help her, and together we went through my booklet, "Dainty Desserts."

"Why , Mrs. Knox,"she exclaimed "I never knew there were so many different desserts in the world. I had no idea you could combine canned fruits with Knox Sparkling Gelatine in so many unusual ways—not only in desserts but in salads as well! I'm going to try this Cherry Sponge Dessert for dinner."

I learned afterwards that she and her family were so pleased with it that I am publishing the recipe here.

CHERRY SPONGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 1½ cups canned cherries
1 tablespoonful lemon juice ½ cup sugar
1 cup canned cherry juice Whites of 2 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot cherry juice. Add cherries, stoned and cut in halves, sugar and lemon juice. When mixture begins to set, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla, and chopped cherries.

Other canned, "put up" or dried fruits may be substituted for the cherries.

Send for my Recipe Book containing over a hundred Desserts and Salads

You'll never get tired of the "same old thing" with a copy of my booklet "Dainty Desserts." Send for it. It is FREE. Just enclose four cents in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

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"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX."

Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope

Fashions and Patterns

Continued from page 33

A practical set of infant's clothes. 3100. This pattern is cut in one size. It comprises a dress, a petticoat, a barrie-coat or pinning blanket and a slipper. Muslin, lawn, cambric, batiste, nainsook, and silk are suitable for the dress. The petticoat may be of cambric or lawn. The barrie of flannel or flannellette, with band of cambric or muslin. The slipper of kid, satin, suede, felt or eiderdown. It will require 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material for the dress, 2¼ yards of 27 inch material for the petticoat, with 2 yards of embroidery for the ruffle. The slippers will require ⅜ yard of 27 inch material for band, and 1 yard 40 inches wide for the skirt. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

A good romper style. 3862. The way to be comfortable at play is to be attired in a garment of this kind. It may be fashioned from gingham or percale. This interesting model has outstanding pockets that will hold attractions for any "youngster." The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2 year size requires 3⅛ yards of 27 inch material. For very young children, the inner seam edges on the bloomers portions may be finished to close with buttons and buttonholes. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A simple, practical undergarment. Pattern 3571 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3 yards of 36 inch material. This design may serve as a slip, or as a combination petticoat and camisole. Silk, crepe, lawn, batiste, dimity, crossbar muslin, nainsook and satin are suitable for its development. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A simple, pleasing night-dress. Pattern 3634 was used to make this attractive garment. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 4½ yards of 36 inch material. Figured crepe is here shown with feather stitching for a finish. Other suitable materials for this style are batiste, nainsook, lawn, cambric, crepe de chine, silk, and flannellette. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A youthful one piece model. 3866. Another attractive version of an ever popular style is portrayed here. The lines are smart and youthful. Any of this season's dress materials may be used to develop the dress, which will be becoming to slender as well as to mature figures. Braided or embroidered serge or jersey cloth is good for this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 4⅝ yards of 38 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A comfortable house or porch dress. Pattern 3622 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 7 yards of 27 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards. Gingham with pique for chemisette, collar and cuffs, would be nice for this. It is attractive also for chambray, linen, percale, albatross, crepe, crepe mohair or flannellette. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A dainty under garment. 3834. Properly made under garments are essential to well fitting dresses. The style here shown shows ease and comfort in its simple lines. It lends itself well to a development in batiste with trimming of Val or filet lace edges, or to crepe, with briar stitching, or other simple decoration. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium: 38-40; large: 42-44; extra large: 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A comfortable practical undergarment. Pattern 3479 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large: 40-42; extra large: 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3¾ yards of 36 inch material or 3⅛ yard without the yoke. Nainsook, lawn, dimity, cambric, batiste, crepe, satin, and silk are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED

Some time ago the American Congress placed a duty of thirty-five cents a bushel on Canadian wheat. Wheat was then worth about $1.70. Then a law was passed abolishing grain gambling, and it was said that surely this was getting at the root of the evil. Well, the other day, wheat sold in Chicago at a dollar.

The fact is that "We are in the grip of world forces too powerful for anyone country to thwart or escape, too far fated in their operation to be swerved by hasty legislation." And here is a lesson for producers everywhere. If we would get prices right we must get world conditions right. The price of labor in Sweden, the cost of transportation in Switzerland, have their effects on us. We cannot live to ourselves. It is in the world markets that we buy and sell. And so the business of the world is our business. Isolation spells ruin.

"Spreads like butter"

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

THE flavor is mild yet it has a tang that is particularly pleasing and appetizing. It is so delicious it fairly melts on the tongue. It goes further than other cheese.

"Can be used in a hundred different ways"

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The flavor satisfies.
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34

Fairy Soda

Look for the Striped Label

NORTH-WEST BISCUIT COMPANY LTD

PURITY FLOUR

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and Better Pastry too

Use it in All Your Baking

PURITY FLOUR
98 Lbs WHEN PACKED
WINNIPEG BRANDON MILLS AT CALGARY EDMONTON GODERICH
PURITY FLOUR

64

Add Richness To Cooking

Carnation Milk adds richness and flavour to everything you cook. Use it in baking, in puddings, soups, icings and for creaming vegetables. For cooking add an equal part of water to Carnation,—add more water if you want thinner milk. It is just cows' milk from which part of the water has been evaporated and sterilized. It is absolutely pure, economical and convenient. Buy it from your grocer in tall (16 oz.) cans, or by the case of 48 cans. Write for Recipe Book.

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212 John Street, Aylmer, Ont.
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Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

The label is red and white.

Oyster Stew—1 pt. oysters, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, pepper, ½ tablespoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Clean and drain oysters. Add butter and seasonings to scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point, add oysters and serve. This recipe serves six people.

Cream White Sauce—2 tablespoonfuls flour, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, 2 tablespoonfuls butter or substitute, ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ cup water. Melt butter or substitute, add flour and stir until thoroughly mixed. Add the milk and cook about five minutes or until the mixture thickens, then add seasonings. This recipe makes one cup of white sauce.

Carnation Bread—1½ cups water, 6 to 7 cups flour, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cake compressed yeast, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls shortening. Dissolve yeast in luke warm water. Measure the salt, sugar and shortening into a mixing bowl; add the scalded milk and water. When luke warm, add the yeast and mix thoroughly. Then add the flour gradually. When stiff enough to handle, turn the dough on a floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. Put into a bowl, cover and let rise in a warm place about one and one half hours or until double its bulk, then make into loaves and put into baking pans. Cover, and again let stand in a warm place about one hour or until it has doubled its bulk, then bake about 45 minutes. Always mix Carnation Milk and water thoroughly.

The new Carnation Cook Book contains over 100 tested recipes. Write to the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

Crocheted trimmings have been used extensively of late for both winter and summer hats, but here we have the hat crocheted entirely. Both of these models illustrated are simple and anyone wishing to create their own hat will find it easily done by following the directions given.

CROCHETED HAT No. 1

Monarch Floss
5 Balls Cherry
Medium Bone Crochet Hook

(Wool is used in three strands throughout work.)

Chain 4. Join in ring. 7 s.c. in ring. 2nd row—2 s.c. in each of 7 sts. Take up both threads of st throughout entire Hat'

Crocheted Sports Hat No. 1

3rd row—* 2 s.c. in 1st st., 1 s.c. in next st. Repeat from * around row having 7 widening points. 4th row—* 2 s.c. in 1st st. 1 s.c. in each of next 2 sts. Repeat from * around row. Repeat 4th row having 1 more st. between each increasing till you have 11 sts. between each increasing. This completes widening of crown. Work 2 rows Cluster stitch as follows:—5 d.c. into 1st st. Take needle out of last st. and insert in 1st st. of 5 d.c., then draw last d.c. through first d.c. thus forming 1 Cluster Shell stitch. Chain 1, 1 d.c. in next st. Repeat around row. On following row put Cluster st. on top of 1 d.c. and 1 d.c. on top of Cluster st. 6 rows 1 s.c. in each st. 1 row Cluster stitch. 6 rows 1 s.c. in each st. 1 row Cluster stitch. 1 row 1 s.c. in each st. On following row widen for brim as follows, 2 s.c. in 1 st. 1 s.c. in each of 2 next sts. Repeat around row. 1 s.c. in each st. 3 rows. 5th row—2 s.c. in 1 st., 1 s.c. in each of 6 next sts. 1 s.c. in each st. for 6 rows. This forms roll brim.

Finish with cord and tassel.

CROCHETED HAT No. 2

Monarch Floss
5 Balls Navy
1 Ball each Various colors for Flowers and Leaves

(Wool is used in three strands throughout the work.)

Chain 3, join in ring. 1st row—7 s.c. in ring. 2nd row—1s.c. around st. of 1st row. 1 s.c. on top of same st. Repeat around row. (14 sts. in row). 3rd row—1 s.c. around st. of last row. 1 s.c. on top of same st. 1 s.c. in next st. Repeat around row. Repeat 3rd row for entire work, having 1 more st. between each rib every row till you have 16 sts. between ribs. Now work 4 rows 1 s.c. in each st., but always putting the rib st. around the rib. On following row 1 s.c. around rib st. 1 s.c. on top of same st., 1 s.c. around next st. Skip 1 st. 1 s.c. in each st. of section Repeat around row. On next row 1 s.c. around rib st. 1 s.c. on top of same st. 1 s.c. on top of next st. 1 s.c. around rib st. Skip 1 st., 1 s.c. in each st. of section. Continue in this manner, always having same number of sts. in each round but widening between the new ribs and decreasing between old ribs till you have rib sts. worked together.

BRIM OF HAT—1 row, 1 s.c. in each st., 1 row, 2 s.c. in every 3rd st. 12 rows 1 s.c. in each st. This forms roll brim. Break off.

FLOWERS—Ch. 3. Join in ring. 6 s.c. into ring. 2nd row—Chain 4, 1 s.c. in 1st st. Repeat around row having 6 loops of ch. 4. 3rd row—1 s.c., 6 d.c. 1 s.c. in each loop of ch. 4 of previous row. Fasten and turn. With wrong side of work towards you, 1 s.c. in back of 1st and last s.c. of previous row. Ch. 5 and repeat around, having 6 loops of ch. 5 in row. Now turn work and with right side of work towards you, work 1 s.c., 9 d.c., 1 s.c. in each loop of ch. 5 of previous row. Fasten and turn. With wrong side of work towards you, ch. 6, 1 s.c. in back of first and last s.c. of previous row. Repeat around row always catching the 2 s.c. between each petal. Turn work and with right side of work towards you, work 1 s.c., 12 d.c., 1 s.c. in each loop of ch. 6 of previous row. Break off wool.

Crocheted Hat No. 2

LEAVES—Ch. 7, Skip 1 st., 1 s.c. in each of 6 sts. Ch. 1, 2 s.c. in 1st st. of each of the next 4 rows. (10 sts. in row). Now work 1 s.c. in each st. Skip the first st. of every row till no sts. are left.

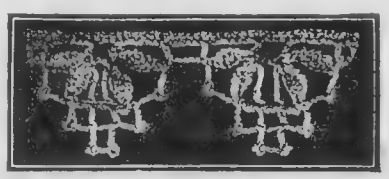
Fasten around Hat as illustrated.

These are made in various shades according to taste.

HOW TO COVER A ROUND PILLOW.

MATERIALS—Eight balls ecru crochet cotton No. 10. Crochet-hook No. 8.

Take a piece of scrim or other semi-transparent material, the length equal to one-third more than the circumference of your pillow, and the depth equal to one-half the diameter, plus two inches or more for a frill to extend beyond edge of pillow. Crochet edge over hem on one long side, join ends and make corded shirrings at intervals, as pictured, leaving a space in the centre large enough to fit the medallion.



Edging for Round Pillow Cover

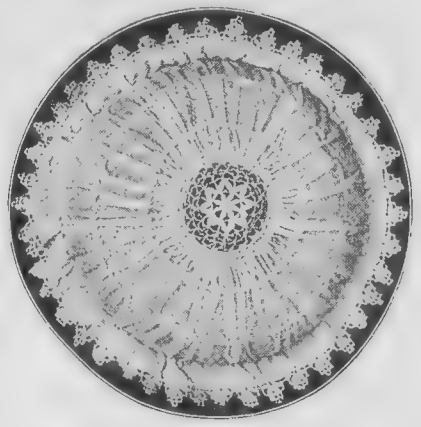
Edge—Make a number of d over hem divisible by 20, add 16, cut thread.

1st row—*T in 1st st, ch 1, skip 1 in next; repeat from *, cut thread.

2nd row—D in each st, cut thread.

3rd row—Sl in 8sts, * 10-ch petal (pet), 8-ch pet, sl in last pet, ch 2, 8-ch pet, 10-ch pet, sl in sl on other pet, skip 2, sl in 20 sts; repeat from *, cut thread.

4th row—T in 1st st, * sl in point of pet, p-l, sl in next pet, ch 2, lt at base of 1st 2 pet, ch 2, lt at base of next 2 pet, ch 2, d in pet, turn. ch 1, sl in 11 sts, turn, p-l, t in 3d sl, (ch 6, p) twice, ch 3, t in t, skip 2sl , t in next, p-l, sl in last sl, sl in top of pet, p-l, d in pet, skip 7, t in next, ch 4, skip 4, t in next; repeat from *, t in last st.



Round pillow covered with semi-transparent material, finished with motif and edging.

motif—Ch 8, join to form ring, (10-ch pet, sl in ring) 8 times.

2nd round—Sl on side of pet to point, d in point, (10-ch pet, sl in point) twice, * p-l, d in next pet, ch 10 for pet, slip hook from work, insert in top of last pet, draw through and finish pet on the 10 ch sts, sl in pet, 10-ch pet, sl in pet; repeat from *, join.

3rd round—Sl to point of pet, sl in 2 pet, * ch 7, p, ch 4, lt between pet, ch 7, p, ch 4, d between next 2 pet; repeat from *.

4th round—* Ch 7, p, ch 11, p, ch 4, d in lt, ch 7, p, ch 4, p, ch 4, d in 2 pet, repeat from *, cut thread.

5th round—* Dt in d on lt, (ch 7, p, ch 4, d in next 7 ch) 4 times, ch 7, p, ch 4; repeat from*, join.

6th round—* Ch 8, p, ch 11, p, ch 4, d in d; repeat from*, having 20 spaces in round, cut thread.

7th round—* D in 7 ch, ch 10; repeat from *.

8th round—D in 216, sts, join.

9th round—Ch 5, * skip 1, t in next, ch 1; repeat from *, join.

10th round—D in d, * ch 5, p, ch 2, d in 2d t; repeat from *, cut thread.

THE MOUNTAINS
by Nellie L. McClung.

The day I went to Calgary the weather was like spring—
The sunshine glittered on the snow,—the cows were pasturing,
The roofs were steaming in the heat,—the sparrows seemed to sing!
But I had brought a book to read—best seller of the year.
The critics said ten thousand country towns were mirrored here,—
I laboured at it all the way from Millet to Red Deer—!
I missed the sparkle of the sun for mlore than fifty miles
I missed the friendly nods of towns,—the station peoples' smiles.
My face was in the book with all its weariness and wiles.
About a country town it wove a sodden ugly rtale
Drab as the dust upon its street,—uncomfortable,—stale,
I worried on and on until we came to Innisfail.
Then all at once I turned against this vapid empty lie
Which makes of life a dismal thing for bold against the sky.
I saw the mountains white and bold in all their majesty
All blue and white against the sky, the Rocky Mountains stood
A blush of green around their feet, where stands the ancient wood
I looked and thrilled and knew again that Life is always good!

The essential oil from the leaves of the Eucalyptus tree is a healing oil.

Don't Tolerate Head Colds

Head colds among your children make them restless, inattentive, cross—retarding the whole group, and increasing your labors.

Don't let these colds get started. A little "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Petroleum Jelly snuffed into the nostrils and rubbed over the bridge of the nose, will relieve a cold quickly.

Keep a tube in your desk, and urge upon mothers the importance of checking colds as soon as they appear.

We will gladly send you a free sample.

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EUCALYPTOL
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As a result of the fire in the Fashion-Craft Blk., we have moved from our Dental Parlors at 203-5 Fashion-Craft Blk., formerly the McGreevy Blk., 258½ Portage Ave., to

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"Remember the New Address"

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Send 12c. in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING & SUMMER 1922 CATALOGUE, containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, showing colored plates, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE on DRESSMAKING, also SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

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Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c. for each province, post paid.

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Correspondence

Wishes More Members

Dear Editor and Readers,

My last letter was printed in your page about a year and a half ago and after such a long absence, I must call again. I enjoy reading the letters which are so very interesting. Some of the bachelors have had comical experience in housekeeping and cooking, but I suppose they are married now and don't have to do their own cooking. I hope so anyway.

I notice many of the readers have given us their views on Farm and City life. Of course those who have lived in both town and country know which they like best. I, like many others like the country best, although I like to go to the city once in a while for a holiday and to see what is going on there.

"Sod Buster" had quite a time treating his guests to Christmas dinner. Perhaps some of them still taste the sage that was in the chicken dressing. I enjoyed reading a letter from "Light of the Morning." I, too would like to see the Editor's picture in the W. H. M.

I hope we get lots of new members in our circle during the coming year and wish best wishes to all, I am,

Sunshine.

Our Editor

To comply with the wishes of many correspondents the editor of this page, for a moment threw aside his usual modesty, and the staff artist was permitted to sketch him in the act of tackling the Christmas mail. We would have our readers understand that it is not the weight of years that has played such havoc with his locks, but the responsibilities of conducting this page. Letters and more letters, however, are his delight so do not spare him during 922.

A Fairy Paradise

Dear Editor and Readers,

Here's to The Western Home Monthly, the West's most splendid and instructive magazine, long may it reign, and here's to the editor who invented such a wonderful page as the Correspondence Page.

As long as I can remember, I have enjoyed reading the interesting letters from all parts of the world. And the stories, they all seem to come from the Glorious Northwest. Everyone, old and young likes to read them.

I am living in Vancouver and hope I can stay here a long time. Although the winters are dreary with rain, Spring in Vancouver is like a fairy paradise. It comes early with its brightest colors, its bluest skies, warm sunshine and warbling birds. You will never forget the thrill and joy of it once you have experienced it. But I must not let my pen run away on me. I must return to the topics of the day.

"Just 21" I liked your letter. You remind me of by-gone days when you speak of waving fields of golden grain, of sparkling waters and wild berries. Country life is freedom, and fresh air and that means health and happiness. It is only four years ago that I left the farm and came to this city, and I like it because there are so many groves of evergreens. "Sod Buster," I read your letter and had a good laugh over it. I am wondering how you and your guests could manage to eat even a part of that hen at all.

Now my letter is getting long and with very best wishes to all,

Girl of the Mist

Will Ontario Please Answer

Dear Editor and Readers,

I am a reader of the W. H. M. and although too old to join the Childrens Corner I am going to have a "go" and see if I can get some correspondence through this page.

I am fifteen years old and enjoy farm life. I live fifteen miles from one town on the main line of the C. P. R. and ten miles from another town on the main line of the C. N. R. and there is a railroad surveyed through our land here, running from Gravelbourg, Sask. to Swift Current, so in the near future we may have a real big town close by.

We have lots of dances in our schools. I am from Ontario, so I hope the editor will get me a correspondent from there or a long way off who will tell me something different from our way of living here. I also hope it will be a girl correspondent.

I must close now.

V. A. McL.

From a Prosperous Section

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been a subscriber to your paper for some time and have formed a very high opinion of it, and not the least interesting part is the Correspondence Page. I was glad to see you had readers even so far away as the "Emerald Isle."

I am a farmer in Alberta having come here some eight years ago and think there is no place like "Sunny Alberta". This part is going ahead prosperously. The crops have been good for the last two years and barns have been built, wells dug and fences erected, and last but not least telephones installed. Some of our most hard-working and progressive farmers have gone East this winter. They carry with them our best wishes for a well earned holiday.

I am a bachelor and would like to hear from some of the ladies if they care to write. Wishing your paper continued success.

Star.

Brief But to the Point

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have read your interesting page for quite a number of years but have never had the courage to write before. As the next few months look rather dull to me, I thought I would try to join your jolly circle and perhaps get a correspondent or two to pass the time away.

I am a Saskatchewan farmer and would not be classed as a dwarf as I am over 6 ft. I am between the ages of 20 and 30, so girls don't be bashful. I will answer all letters.

Slim.

Wants a Fair Correspondent

Dear Editor,

I am writing this letter in hopes you will be of some assistance to me in a little personal matter, having been referred to you by the secretary of the Y. W. C. A. I am a young man 27 years of age and desire to get into correspondence with a young lady about 22 years of age. I am 5 ft. 4 ins., 140 lbs., blue eyes and light brown hair and fond of city life.

Hoping you will give this your kind consideration,

F. W. L.

Farmerette Lonely at Times

Dear Editor and Readers,

I wrote to the W. H. M. some time ago but did not see my letter in print.

Continued on page 39

BEAUTY OF THE SKIN

is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness of the skin, irritation and eczema disappear, and the skin is left soft, smooth and velvety. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample free if you mention this paper.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

COMBINGS!
SPECIAL TO LADIES:

Any amount of combings made up **$3.00**
Also 15c Postage
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A Health Reminder

Don't wait until you get sick.—USE

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You will immensely improve the tastiness of your dishes and add greatly to their nourishing value if you use plenty of

BOVRIL

Carters Sunrise Collection of early vegetable seeds is the result of 120 years' selecting and testing. **Earliness and quality combined.**

SUNRISE TOMATO—The earliest, most productive, good sized, scarlet fruit, very even, of fine quality, with solid meat and few seeds.

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Try this collection at our expense. The money you send will apply on your first order. Send 25c and ask for **Sunrise Collection No.** and we will send by return mail the 6 packets of Earliest and Best vegetable seeds, our illustrated catalog and a **25-Cent Rebate Check** to apply on your first order of $1.00 or more.

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BROOK'S APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Protected by U.S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

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We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths also men's shirt lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds latest styles, colorings and materials. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Price **$1.00 postpaid.**

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Have you heard the latest ballad success—
SING TO ME AT EVENTIDE
(All Voices)
Ask your dealer—if he hasn't it send 50c to
WRAY'S MUSIC STORES, LTD.
Mail Order Dept.
WINNIPEG

Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN.

Good morrow, Valentine!
God Bless you ever!
If you'll be true to me;
I'll be like to thee,
Old England forever!
Old Rhyme.

A Little Girl.

If no one marries me,
I shan't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage
And a little rabbit hutch.

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb quite clean and tame
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old,
At twenty-eight or nine,
I shall buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine.
L. Alma, Tadewa

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW.
Some Queer Fish.

Down in the deepest ocean depths under the tremendous pressure of the ocean water live some queer varieties of fish. One known as the Black Swallower has an elastic stomach, which will hold fish twice as big as itself. Food at such a depth of water is often very scarce and one meal must last a long time, and hence the convenient arrangement. Another queer fish the Lantern fish has luminous discs along its sides which it lights on the approach of an enemy to frighten it. The Puffer a harmless little fish, will suddenly blow itself into a prickly balloon on the approach of an enemy. These are only a few of the queer creatures which inhabit the cold sunless gloomy depths of the mighty ocean.

How to Mend a Cracked Bottle

If a good water bottle has been cracked here is a simple way to mend it. Heat the bottle, cork it tightly, then paint the outside of the crack with water glass. As the bottle cools the solution will be drawn into the crack and make a fine tight join. Try this on some favorite broken glass which you can cork tightly.

SOMETHING TO PLAY.
French Blind Man's Buff.

A player blindfolded and furnished with a wand stands in the centre of the room, the other players join hands and work or hop around him until he signals them to stop by tapping the floor. He points the wand at some one in the ring, the player pointed at takes the end of the wand and holding it must answer any three questions the blindfolded player may ask. If the blindfolded player recognizes the voice (which should be disguised) the two players change places.

Ostrich Tag.

To be safe the player must be standing on one foot with opposite arm under knee of same side, hand grasping nose—.

SOMETHING TO MAKE.
Valentines.

A very delightful Valentine for a girl to give an older friend (a teacher, or mother of her chum) would be a dainty box or basket of heart shaped cookies which she had made herself, the box could be covered with red paper hearts and the following little verse written either on the cover or a card inside:

I love you so, I truly do.
I made this box of hearts for you.

.....

If you will be my Valentine,
I'll give you all these hearts.
And every time you take a bite
You'll swallow cupid darts.

.....

A dainty cheap and pretty Valentine may be made of a correspondence card, on the corner of which may be pasted any appropriate picture carefully cut from magazine advertisements. For instance a Kewpie may be put on and his arms filled with a big red heart cut from red paper. Your nimble brains will think of things to say that will suit the pictures. A flight of birds each carrying a heart is another suggestion and the Dutch Cleanser woman chasing "my heart to you" would be quite funny and interesting. Be sure your cutting and pasting are neatly done, and your writing or printing clear and clean. If you have any artistic instincts a pen stroke or brush strokes will often complete your picture and make it quite a finished Valentine.

Something to Try.

There will be a W. H. M. C. C. button for the best description of your favourite winter sport: tobogganing, skating, hockey or anything else you can play during the long cold months. This is open to boys and girls and there will be a prize for each. Send in your neatly written papers to the Editor W. H. M. C. C. before February 25.

SOMETHING TO READ.
Goldie, or the Missionary Rooster.
by Irene Wilson.

"Oh, mother, mother, come and see what I have found," shouted Ronald as he waved his hands in excitement. When Mrs. Stent opened the door to see what was exciting her nine year old boy, she was greeted with the news; "old Granny has hatched her chicks!" do come and see them, and Ronald forthwith beat a hasty retreat to the chicken house, leaving his mother to follow.

Sure enough from the depths of the barrel was heard a "peep, peep," with an answering "cluck, cluck." When the barrell was laid on its side, out walked Granny, as proud as a general marshalling his army on parade. But Granny did not march alone. Four, Six, ten, twelve—thirteen, counted Ronald. Oh mother, to think she hatched every chick, and such dear little black mites too. But mother, what was that mysterious noise. Surely that sounded like another chick; but of course it could not be, for even old Granny couldn't hatch fourteen chicks from thirteen eggs.

Just then wise old granny thrust her head into the barrel and at once the mystery was solved; for out walked a chick, not a fluffy black chick, but a dear little yellow fellow.

As Mrs. Stent kept nothing but pure bred Plymouth Rocks, the appearance of an extra chick and that a yellow one was hard to account for, but one of neighbour Smith's orpingtons occasionally strayed over, so the yellow chick was probably the result of an extra egg which her generosity had prompted her to add to Granny's number.

To Ronald's delight he was given the extra chick, which he christened Goldie from its bright plumage.

As the days went by, Ronald shared many a choice morsel with Goldie, and many an extra crust or handful of wheat came her way. As a result, Goldie soon grew far beyond the family of her adoption. In fact, Goldie grew to be quite a household pet — or pest, as chickens will under such circumstances.

Goldie flourished apace, and as the plumage developed, Ronald discovered that Goldie was not a docile pullet as he had expected, but a clamouring rooster, predestined for the roasting pan. This was a sad disappointment to Ronald who had built many an air-castle, based on the future flock of orpingtons whom Goldie was expected to mother.

Far from being a docile pullet, Goldie developed a desire for leadership. Sad to say, he soon became the bully of the barnyard. "Ladies first," had no place in his code of honour. It was Goldie first, last, and always. If barnyard talk could be interpreted, there is little doubt that many a bitter accusation was hurled at the good name of fair Goldie.

'Twas indeed a sad day for Ronald when Goldie had to meet her fate with the other chickens. Thanksgiving was close at hand and Goldie would make a tempting morsel in the roasting pan. When all the beautiful feathers were removed, Goldie did not look unlike the other roosters, except for his extra size and plumpness.

Ronald could not bear the thought of Goldie going down to oblivion, a chicken so much above the ordinary, deserved more than a common fate. After puzzling over the thought for some time, Ronald wrote the following note, which he tucked under Goldie's plump wing:

Don't let him count the gray hairs

No One Need Have Gray Hair

No man admires gray hair, and no woman need have it, at any age. The gray streaks and silver threads can be restored, surely and safely.

Send for the free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and test as directed on a single lock. In from 4 to 8 days the gray will disappear and the natural color return.

This restoration is natural—no streaking or discoloration. Mary T. Goldman's is a scientific laboratory preparation, every bottle uniform, efficient and reliable. Its use insures the future of your hair.

Safe and Easy

Mary T. Goldman's is applied by combing through the hair. No skill is required, the process is easy, results certain.

There is nothing to wash or rub off—Mary T. Goldman's is a clear, colorless liquid which leaves the hair soft and fluffy. It won't discolor or look dyed in the sun.

Mail Coupon for Trial Bottle

Fill in carefully and if possible enclose lock in your letter. By return mail we will send trial bottle.

When the package comes, test as directed on a single lock and let results tell their own story. Then, when you know that your gray hair can be restored easily, safely and surely, get the full-sized bottle from your druggist or order direct from us.

Mary T. Goldman, 1492 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S Hair Color Restorer

Mary T. Goldman, 1492 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name .....

Address.....

Please print your name and address.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Anaemia

Thin, watery blood is no more nourishing than thin, watery milk —skim milk.

But you can soon enrich thin blood, overcome the anaemic condition and build up the whole system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. F. G. Simmons, 42 Curtis St., Brantford, Ont., writes:

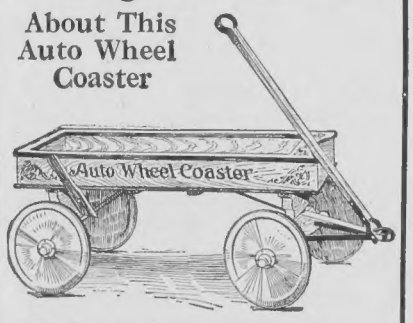
"For about eight years I suffered from anaemia. My circulation was poor, my gums and lips were pale, and my hands and feet were always cold. I was nervous and unable to sleep well. I had frequent headaches, seemed restless and easily worried or irritated. There was a buzzing sound in my ears. Indigestion was also one of my complaints, and I often was attacked by weak spells. I went to a doctor, who told me I was anaemic, but as I did not get any better I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after the first box I felt brighter and my headaches completely disappeared. I continued using the Nerve Food for quite a while. I am quite well now, and cheerfully and gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to people suffering as I did before I used this splendid medicine."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Boys

Attention Ask Us

About This Auto Wheel Coaster



With Red Steel Disc Wheels and Cagep Roller Bearings. We will tell you all about this coaster—tell you hundreds of ways other boys have used it. Write and ask us for your copy of the "Autowheel Spokesman." We will send it FREE.

The Canadian Buffalo Sled Co., Ltd.

Preston, Canada.

$300 in Cash Prizes

MALO HINT NOO ROTT GIN WEPIN LEAN MORT

Name the Four Cities

1st prize, $75.00; 2nd prize, $50.00; 3rd prize, $40.00; 4th prize, $30.00; 5th prize, $25.00. Ten prizes of $5.00 each. Thirty prizes of $1.00 each, and many beautiful merchandise prizes. Rearrange the jumbled letters above so that they will spell the names of 4 Canadian cities. It may be hard but it's worth while to win $75. We are giving these splendid prizes to advertise our artistic PEARL GOLD NAME PINS. The regular price of these pins is $1.00, but if you will name the 4 cities and send us 25c. (no stamps) we will make your name, or initials, SOLID GOLD FILLED, mounted on a lovely IRIDESCENT PEARL PIN, and you also have the privilege of winning FREE one of the splendid CASH PRIZES mentioned above. Send your answer at once with 25c, and win a lovely Name Pin and a BIG CASH PRIZE.

The Pearl Gold Pin Co., Dept. A Toronto, Ont.

To whoever gets this chicken;

I should like you to understand that this rooster Goldie is not an ordinary chicken. He is pure bred, and I have taken extra trouble to raise him properly. I hope you will enjoy him.

Ronald Stent.

Ronald said nothing to his mother about the note; but he anxiously awaited tidings of his pet. At last a letter arrived, written in childish hand;

Dear Ronald;

I have been ill a long time with typhoid. Uncle was visiting in the City and brought your chicken Goldie for me. Mother made me the most delicious soup with him. I know it has strengthened me and helped me to get well. I thought that you would like to know that your chick did some good in the world.

Max Fife.

Ronald was indeed glad to know that Goldie had been of some use in the world. His heart had felt sad at the thought of parting with his pet. Even the money which he had received in return, had seemed no recompense. Now he felt that Goldie was indeed a Missionary Rooster. He had brought cheer and comfort to a sick child, and Ronald felt amply repaid for his sacrifice.

Mrs. F. W. Gaetz, Red Deer, Alta.

SOMETHING SENT ON.

A letter from Agnes Ariss, Arrow River Man. to Esther L. MacRae, Chipman, N.B,

A letter from Violet F. Andrew, Crystal City, Man. to Duncan Robertson, 1741—36 Ave., E. S. Vancouver.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.

Tom: "Do you know how to avoid eating toadstools in mistake for mushrooms?"

Bob: "No!"

Tom: "Why, eat parsnips."

Patrol Leader: "Your cakes are all right, but this treacle pie is horrible."

Camp Cook: "Well it ought to be, all right; I got the treacle from the left-hand corner of the store tent."

Patrol Leader: "Oh, help! That's where I put the wheel-grease for the trek-cart."

Manager (to the late messenger—) You've been away over half an hour, and only to go round the corner!

Messenger—Please, sir, a man dropped half a crown in the gutter.

Manager—And did it take half an hour to find it?

Messenger—Please, sir, I had to wait till the man went away.—'Pearson's Weekly.'

Charlie's uncle met him on the street one spring day and asked him whether he was going out with a picnic party from his school.

"No," replied his nephew, "I ain't going."

"My dear," said the uncle, "you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give him a little lesson in grammar.

"'You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now can you say all that?"

"Sure I can," responded Charlie, quite heartily. "There ain't nobody going."

A Contortionist.

Smart Young Man. "What do you think of Brown?"

Indignant Old Gentleman. "Brown, sir? He is one of those people that pat you on the back before your face, and hit you in the eye behind your back."

Correspondence

Continued from page 37

I live in Southern Saskatchewan on a very pretty farm not far from a busy coal mining centre. I am a farmerette and like the life very much.

It is lonesome here as the country is not very thickly populated and therefore there are very few young folks. I dance and ride a little but cannot skate as there is no rink.

I am a genuine Western Canadian. I have lived here nineteen years. I would love to correspond with nice girls or boys who live on stock ranches, especially those who can ride horseback.

A Prairie Girl

WHAT DID BETTY BUY?

COPY OF BETTY'S LETTER

Dear Mr. Simpson

You know Clara Green, don't you? WELL SHE WANTED TO BE A NURSE. What do you think of that? OF COURSE SHE WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO APE A SISTER OF MINE. However she left for Toronto taking her maid Topsy to carry her luggage. When they got to the station the train was pulling out. THEY RAN SO FAST TOPSY RUPTURED A BLOOD VESSEL IN HER LEG. However Clara got on the train alright. Then what do you think happened? SHE TUMBLED AND FELL PEL-MEL ON HER BAGGAGE. Isn't that funny? I BET SHE WANTED TO BAN A NASTY ENGINEER FOR JERKING THE TRAIN SO. She soon got herself in order and reached her seat safely. SHE TOOK OUT A BOOK BY CHARLES LAMB READ A PAGE AND FELL ASLEEP. On arriving in Toronto she woke with a start, and hurried off. Her baggage was heavy and looked a burden. A NICE CHAP PLEADED TO HELP HER She refused to let him as he was a stranger. But after walking two blocks she was tired out THEN SHE THOUGHT HERSELF A SIMPLE MONSTER FOR REFUSING HIS HELP. She finally reached the Training School and registered. But she didn't like it a bit. She felt very blue. IN FACT AT HER DINNER SHE ATE A VERY LITTLE. She fought with her room mate. IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY OR ANGER SHE LEFT. However before going home she bought a new dress at Smith's store. When she tried it on it didn't fit. SO SHE TOOK IT TO SMITH'S ALTERATION ROOM FOR CHANGES. Even then it didn't fit, and she wouldn't keep it. SO APPLYING FOR REFUND SHE GOT HER MONEY BACK. Then she took the next train for home. Isn't that an interesting story?

Betty Beatty.

PUZZLE

FIND ABOVE THE NAMES OF 12 ARTICLES SOLD IN A GROCERY STORE

John Simpson was amazed when he read the above letter, which Betty Beatty had handed him. 'Our order is in that letter" said Betty. "I've hidden the name of each article I've come to buy in each of the underlined sentences. Puzzle it out and I'll tell you the quantities." "Well" said Mr. Simpson "I can't find the name of a single article in my store, that is mentioned in your note." "Of course you can't" said Betty. But here's the clue. In each underlined sentence I've hidden one name. It is only the name of a grocery, fruit or vegetable and there is just one thing in each sentence. The letters aren't jumbled and all you have to do is to find the right letter to start on. For instance, if you start on the letter "B" in the fifth word of the first underlined sentence you will quickly see B-E-A-N. That's the name of one of the things I want. There are twelve items altogether, and the name of each one is hidden in one of the underlined sentences. So now what do I want? Find the names and you get the order."

John Simpson puzzled the letter out and got the order. Can you do as well? If you can mail your answers at once Over $2500.00 in prizes and rewards is being given. Remember there are no trade mark name or products of any particular manufacturer In many cases, as in the first underlined sentence, the single name as "Bean" and not the plural "Beans" is used. Be very careful, therefore, if you find the names to spell them exactly as they appear in the sentence.

WIN! $2500.00 in Prizes

THE PRIZES

1st. Prize- Ford, Sedan, Value $990.00
2nd. Prize- Ford Touring, Value $565.00

3rd. Prize - $200.00	14th. Prize - $5.00
4th. Prize - $100.00	15th. Prize - $4.00
5th. Prize - $ 50.00	16th. Prize - $4.00
6th. Prize - $ 25.00	17th. Prize - $4.00
7th. Prize - $ 15.00	18th. Prize - $3.00
8th. Prize - $ 10.00	19th. Prize - $3.00
9th. Prize - $ 8.00	20th. Prize - $2.00
10th. Prize - $ 7.00	21st. Prize - $2.00
11th. Prize - $ 5.00	22nd. Prize - $2.00
12th. Prize - $ 5.00	23rd. Prize - $2.00
13th. Prize - $ 5.00	24th Prize - $2.00

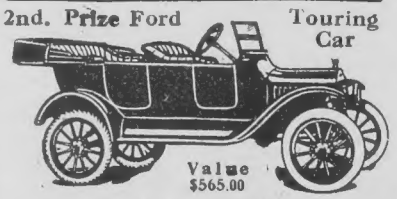
25th. Prize $2.00

And 50 extra cash prizes of $1.00 each

1st Prize FORD SEDAN

Value $990.00

2nd. Prize Ford Touring Car



Value $565.00

THIS GREAT CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

There is nothing to pay—nothing to buy!

This wonderful Contest is nothing more nor less than a great advertising and introduction campaign. It is absolutely free of expense. You may enter and win the best of the prizes without spending a single cent of your money, You do not have to buy anything, or subscribe to anything, in order to compete.

The Contest is conducted by the Continental Publishing Co. Limited, one of the strongest and best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness.

Three independent judges, having no connection of any kind with this firm, will judge the answers at the close of the Contest, and award the prizes. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.

In sending your solution use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the upper left hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers use a seperate sheet of paper.

The answers gaining 240 points will win first prize. You get 110 points if you find all the words correctly(10 points for each correct answer, excepting 1 which is given)and 20 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling, 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling a simple condition of the Contest. This condition is only that you assist in this big advertising campaign by showing a copy of Everywoman's World, Canada's greatest Magazine (which we will send you post paid) to just four friends or neighbors, who will appreciate this really worth while Canadian publication and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time. The Contest will close at 6 p.m. June 30th. 1922. immediately after which the judges will start to judge the answers and award the prizes.

DON'T DELAY - Send your answer today. This announcement may not appear in this paper again. Address the Contest Manager, Department Continental Publishing Co. Limited. 33, Toronto Ont.

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Approaching Equality

The United States dollar can no longer look on the Canadian dollar as a poor relation.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

China's Experience

China has had experience in the past of many friends with taking ways.—Victoria Colonist.

Security Hinges on Peace

Peace, says Premier Briand of France, hinges on security. But does not the world's lasting security hinge on peace?—Toronto Star.

Or, Hardly Everest

What we have read of the difficulties of climbing Mount Everest, which has the highest peak in Asia, convinces us that its name should be Mount Neverest.—Halifax Herald.

Scraps of Paper

There is poetic justice in the reduction of German currency to what the German Chancellor said treaties were.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Fortless, Undefended Boundary

Canada and the United States found the right armamentratio a hundred years ago—New York Evening Post.

Mexico for the Mexicans

The president of Mexico says that all foreign agitators must get out of the country. Probably they are interfering with a local industry.—Toronto Telegram.

The Rulers of the World

A historian says that women ruled the world 2,500 years before Christ. They have also ruled it 1,921 years since.—Stratford Herald.

A Sky-view To Be Taken

Apparently it is going to take the service of the airplane to show this country how much timber it really does possess.—Canadian Lumberman.

The Way to Work for Peace

Removal of all war causes would seem to be far more vital than determination as to the particular weapons to be used in the next conflict.—Manchester Guardian.

The Beneficient Boll Weevil

Enterprise, Alabama, has raised a monument to the boll weevil because it chewed up the cotton and forced the inhabitants to take up mixed farming.—Kansas City Star.

Peace and War

Declaring peace and establishing peace are two different propositions in this era. Declaring war and getting a war going are much simpler matters.—Toronto Globe.

The Costly Mr. Ruth

What's wrong with the world? Well, here's one thing: Babe Ruth expects to get $60,000 next year for playing baseball.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy Money for Schemers

$500,000,000 is taken from the American public yearly by salesmen of worthless securities. Barnum is right. The public love to be deceived.—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Motto

A Japanese delegate said he wished to "spik" our language well enough to span the distance between races. "Spik and span" is a good motto.—Washington Star.

Where, Indeed

A Canadian who wants to knock this country these days should first take a look around the world and decide where he could pitch his tent and be better off.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Towards Fulfilment

Things are working round undeniably towards the fulfilment of the vision of international brotherhood and universal peace, which was so vivid at the close of the war, but has been obscured for a time.—West minster Gazette.

Bolshevism and Industrial Depression

Bolshevism, says Lloyd George, is not as dangerous as industrial idleness. The two dangers are, however, likely to travel together.—Galt Reporter.

They Came West in Harvest Time

There are a great many thousand permanent citizens in the West now who got their first glimpse of the prairies through the windows of a harvesters' excursion.—Regina Leader.

Millionaires, Too, Are Mortals

An appraisal of the estate of Andrew Carnegie shows that he left $26,000,000. His vast riches did not, however, make it possible for him to take anything away with him.—Buffalo Courier.

Civilization Must Be Maintained

An idea seems to be current that civilization is something we cannot lose, no matter whether we remain civilized or not.—London New Statesman.

A Rule for Shoulders and Conduct

A physician says most of the ills we suffer could be avoided by keeping our shoulders square. The rest could be avoided by keeping our conduct that way.—Saskatoon Star.

Finger Prints for Signatures

It is now proposed to use finger prints instead of signatures by depositors in postal savings departments. Those who have battled with the average postoffice pen and ink will be well trained for the innovation.—Springfield Republican.

Is Statesmanship Declining

A contemporary discussed the question of whether statesmanship was on the decline in Canada, and concludes in the negative, because the editor had never heard of a statesman declining anything.—Calgary Albertan.

A Matter of Taste

Students of the University of West Virginia have taken to eating fried rattlesnakes to prove that much meat goes to waste owing to common scruples. We prefer the scruples.—Omaha Bee.

An Unanswerable Argument

There are said to be 12,000,000 orphans in Europe and Asia as a result of the war. There could be no better argument than this for an effective League of Nations.—Boston Transcript.

The Universality of Grumbling

Burglars and other bad men in Chicago last year stole about $4,000,000 in money and goods, and at that some of them are probably grumbling that business isn't what it used to be.—Buffalo Express.

To Sit on a Standing Committee

We notice in the news that certain gentlemen of the Saskatchewan Legislature have been appointed to sit on a standing committee. The Engleesh she's a fine language.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Russia's Flood of Paper Money

The Soviet Government of Russia has issued paper money to the extent of five trillion, seven hundred and fifty million roubles. But it would take a very much shorter string of figures to express how much all that is worth in dollars.—St. John Globe.

The Ban on Titles

Hon. Ernest Lapointe declares himself opposed to any suggestion that Parliament's ban on titles should be raised. Those gentlemen in Montreal who are eager to be knights will have to wait awhile, if not indefinitely.—Lethbridge Herald.

Something to Keep in Mind

A Paris professor has it now. Six flies in four months had a family of 3,985,696,387,755 descendants. This information should be pondered over by us all during the remaining months of the winter, so that we may be duly zealous in swatting the fly when the fly-swatting season arrives.—Brandon Sun.

The Problems of Ireland

Ireland has and will have her troubles; but hereafter they will be like the domestic disturbances of other countries—they will not get into international politics. Ireland for the Irish and Irish problems for the Irish, too.—Omaha World-Herald.

Lack of Personal Contact Explains Much

According to an Ontario Government report some of the jails in that province have not been improved in a hundred years. It is hard to get the majority of citizens interested in jails, because of the absence of any personal contact between them and those necessary institutions.—Montreal Gazette.

A Development of the Times

The charge is made by reputable papers that bootlegging has become so profitable in United States that in many cases those engaged in it are investing their money in non-taxable securities, running into millions of dollars.—Hamilton Herald.

One Reason Why China Protested

Canada is shortly to change her tariff. If she were in the position China was in she would have had to go hat in hand to the great powers and humbly ask for power to vary the existing rate. Is it any wonder that China, by the vigor of her protests against her position, disturbed the peace of the Washington conference?—London Advertiser.

The Example of Switzerland

Belgium threatens to split into two parts on account of the language question. Other nations in which there are different languages spoken should consider the example given by Switzerland. There are French-speaking cantons in Switzerland, German-speaking cantons and Italian-speaking cantons. But no people in the world are more solidly united by national sentiment than the Swiss people.—Brantford Expositor.

For World Safety

There is only one cure for the woes of Europe and our own—not easy, but bound to come, unless we are looking for a downfall. It is co-operation in a much closer union of mutual help under the direction of a League of Nations powerful by the free consent and ardent impulses of the common folk.—New York Times.

Bolshevism

Bolshevism is essentially nothing more mysterious than another "get-rick-quick" scheme, with the inevitable results. "There can be no doubt," writes Mr. Balfour, "that Sovietism can make the rich poor. But it is doubtful whether it can succeed in what is of more importance, namely, making the poor rich."—London Times

High Motives and Everyday Duties

One of the most significant features of Christianity is its use of the highest possible motives to enforce the most ordinary practical duties. The higher the motive the more power it possesses to enforce the duty. Just as the sunlight descends over ninety millions of miles to open the petals of a little flower.—Dundee Courier.

A Misconception

The cry going out that Scotland is liable to do without its oatmeal sends a shudder through every good community. The popular fancy is that over in Scotland they still run around at noon mixing a little meal and water in a Scotch bonnet, so why blast popular conception?—Vancouver Sun.

Playful Little Animals

Skunks as household pets are raised in some parts of the States. The removal of a small gland makes them quite scentless. They are described as being very tame and quite playful, but the suspicion fear would always linger that a real, honest-to-goodness skunk might slip through in the crowd.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Spouting Oil Wells—on Paper

Just received a lot of literature about California oil wells, also blanks for ordering stock in oil company. Some place in our attic is a trunk, and in said trunk are some beautiful oil shares, with wells in the corners. From said oil wells the oil spouts like streams of gold. It's the only place the oil ever did spout in connection with the venture.—Peterboro Examiner.

As to Submarines

The French naval officer who accepted the submarine and its hellish possibilities as established by German practice in the war as part of the normal equipment of future navies, has been repudiated by his chiefs and by the French government. Sometimes militarists do the world a service without so intending.—Calgary Herald.

A Prevalent Kind of Joke

Even cereal beverages are prohibited in Alabama. State regulations forbid the sale of anything that "looks, tastes or smells like beer." Grasshoppers are not allowed in the state because of their hops, and even Maltese cats are under the ban on account of the suggestion of malt. Down in Mobile they are thinking of straining the Gulf of Mexico to get rid of the foam.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Busy Months Ahead of Lloyd George

Like all other years, 1922 promises Lloyd George a busy time. There is the problem of economic reconstruction of Europe, which he is preparing to tackle in real earnest; Egyptian and perhaps Indian troubles are waiting around the corner; and in the intervals of other work he will probably have to take a hand in a general election.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Judge on Women's Dress

We consider Mr. Justice Bruneau of Montreal a very brave man, and submit as evidence his address on a certain separation case: "Idiocy has reached its zenith in the style of women's dress. It has reached such a point that today in the cold blasts of mid-winter we see women on the streets in decollete dresses—very decollete some of them—and wearing slippers and silk stockings, whereas in the months of summer we see them with their necks encircled with the warm fur of the silver fox."—Kingston Whig.